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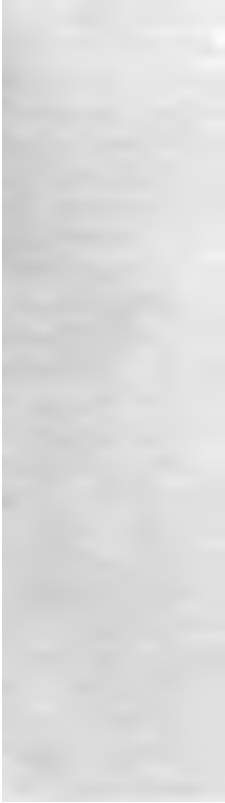
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# E E D I O T I C E T I Q U E T T E







# FEDIO TIC ETIQUETTE



An *Up-to-date Manual of the Manners of Men and Women for Men and Women of Manners, and a Complete Catalogue of the Social Dues—and Most of the "Don'ts"*—for all *Disciples of Deportment.*

*Distilled Directly from the Raw Material and Offered in the Original Package*

By **GIDEON WURDZ**  
(CHARLES WAYLAND TOWNE)  
*Author of "The Foolish Dictionary"*

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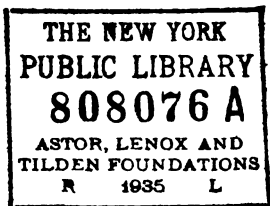


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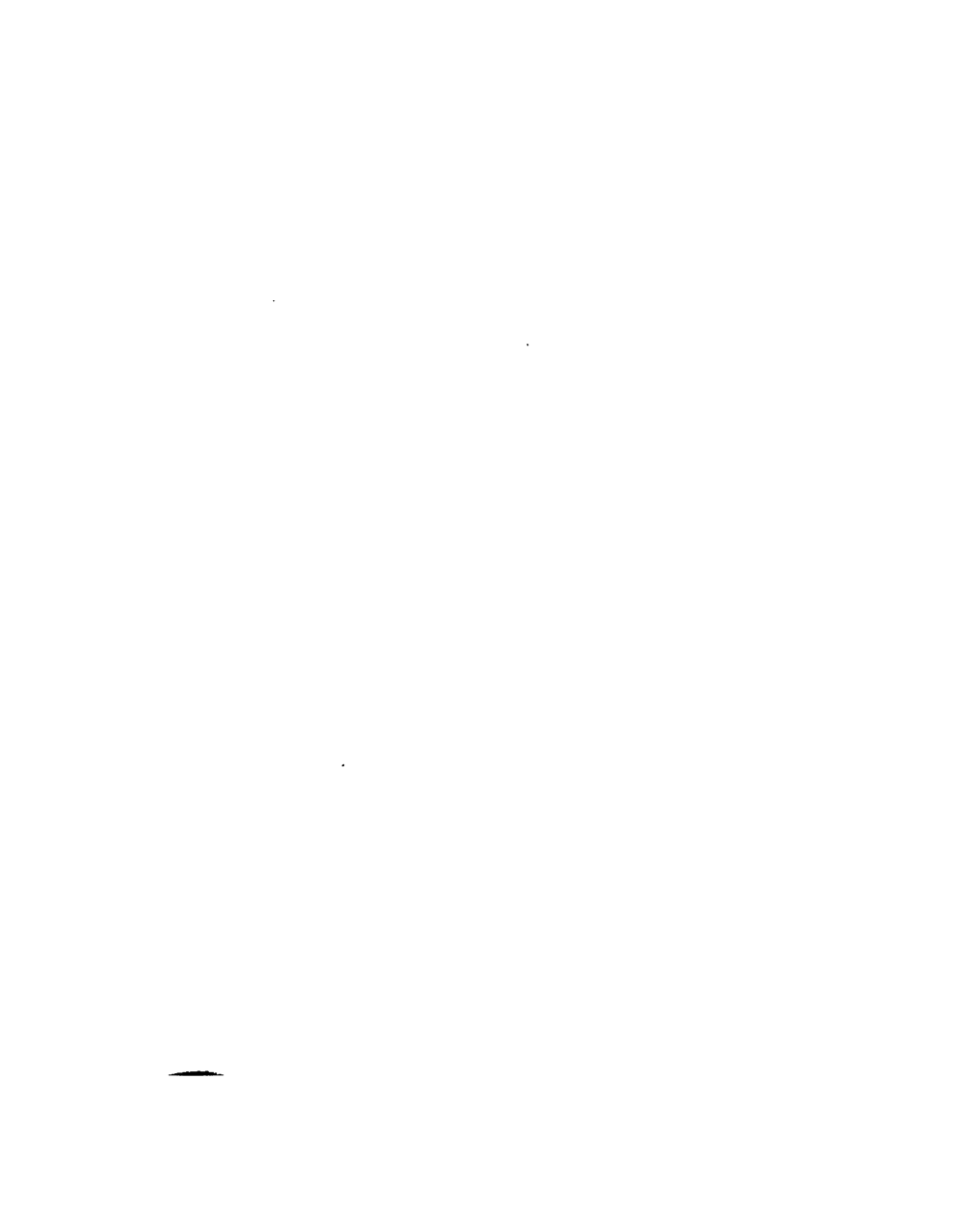
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Published in May, 1906

The University Press, Cambridge, U. S. A.

To  
The One who Couldn't Teach Me  
How to Behave,  
MYSELF,  
And the One who Could — and Did  
MY WIFE,  
I Feelingly Dedicate  
These Pages.

56, 100 or 1000.



## PREFACE

“What shall I wear?”

“How shall I behave?”

Ever since Father Adam quakingly spread his arboreous apron and stretched his legs beneath the rude mahogany of Mrs. Eve's first dinner party, and then committed his historic *faux pas* at the fruit course, the Human Race has been torturing itself, with groanings unutterable, upon these Inquisitorial prefaces of the Social Ordeal.

With unremitting determination, the Social Paragons of the centuries have dedicated their lives to the grim god Propriety and applied their hearts to the understanding of Good Form. Thanks to their labors, the ashes of their votive offerings have made sweetly redolent the boudoirs and the ballrooms, the clubs and the caravansaries of all Time.

With like assiduity, man-and-womankind of lesser social consequence have presumed to invade the Baked Bean Supper or the Inaugural Ball only after fearful and wonderful sartorial metamorphosis and exhaustive research between the covers of an ac-

cepted Authority on Good Manners. The Social Leader and the Social Novitiate have thus worked together — not always for good, but at least always with result. Their legacy to the world is that complete and absolute Tyrant known as Etiquette.

Behold, now, The Tyrant clothed in cap and bells and boasting the ambitious title of "Jester Extraordinary and Mirth Maker Plenipotentiary to the Great American Public." Without pretending to be either a satellite or a censor of Society, the author aims, in the following pages, to so help a few of the plodders in the social treadmill as to be able to ease, if not to throw off, the yoke of diffidence and the shackles of ignorance.

In other words, I want to help the Old Man to endure the fiery furnace of the Afternoon Tea without having to resort to asbestos raiment; to aid the Young Mother in announcing the coming of the first-born in ways other than by the employment of the Town Crier; to assist the adolescent Butterfly in breaking forth at a Coming-Out party without bursting her cocoon of white chiffon or *mousseline de soie*; and to reveal to Mr. Young-Groom the secret of hooking his wife's dress without doing violence to freshly manicured nails.

In short, I want to show every sincere disciple of decorum the easiest, quickest, and happiest way of winning the Obstacle Race that is being everlastingly run off in the glittering arena of Fashion, Festivity, and Folly.

In previous tomes, I have addressed my fellow Americans in efforts to safeguard their Diction and their Dollars. In an equally altruistic spirit, I now volunteer my services for the betterment of their Deportment.

Here's hoping no one stubs his toe on "Eediotic Etiquette."

GIDEON WURDZ.



## ALL THE RULES OF ETIQUETTE FOR

	Page
BIRTHS . . . . .	13
CHRISTENINGS . . . . .	16
NURSERIES . . . . .	20
CALLING . . . . .	25
AFTERNOON TEAS . . . . .	34
BALLS . . . . .	44
CARD PARTIES . . . . .	48
DINNERS . . . . .	53
CHURCH SERVICES . . . . .	60
THEATRES . . . . .	62
CHAPERONES . . . . .	69
KISSING. . . . .	71
HOUSE PARTIES . . . . .	75
PICNICS . . . . .	82
DEPARTMENT STORES . . . . .	87
HORSE SHOWS . . . . .	93
STREET CARS . . . . .	98
GARDEN PARTIES . . . . .	105
HOLIDAYS . . . . .	109
ART EXHIBITS. . . . .	117
MOTORING . . . . .	120
SPORTS . . . . .	124
CAMPING . . . . .	131
PROPOSALS AND ENGAGEMENTS. . . . .	137
WEDDINGS . . . . .	143



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# EEDIOTIC ETIQUETTE

## BIRTHS

*Formal Announcement*    Either a formal or informal announcement of birth may be issued. The formal calls for an engraved card bearing the essential facts. Here is one form:

October 25, 1905.

L A I D

At the Door of

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Van Rathskellar

by

THE STORK

One Package of Male Matter

C. O. D.

*Informal*    The informal announcement may be a joint document drawn up by the family lawyer and signed by the parents. It should read somewhat as follows:

No. 13 Doleful Terrace,  
November 14, 1905.

The undersigned beg to announce that on the 10th inst., while still in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, they were suddenly

stricken with Twins. This event has naturally given their home more life and less liberty, while the further pursuit of happiness is indefinitely postponed.

Awaiting your offerings of sympathy — and silverware — we beg to subscribe ourselves, in the throes of sonstroke,

Phineas and Phoebe Onderdonk.



*The  
Mother's  
Way*

If the mother wishes to personally convey the glad tidings to an old schoolmate, she dashes off a chatty little note, as follows:



Dear Friend Nell: It's another Boy. The cutest you ever saw. Everybody says he's a perfect dear, a beauty, and the exact image of his mother.

Weights six pounds and four ounces and wears hair. It's our ninth, you know. We named him Theodore Roosevelt and wrote to the President. He has sent us one of his books with his name in it. I think it's "The Strenuous Life."

Brother Wallace says, "Presidents are n't the only ones who can give books; I'll present one of my own," and trudged off straightway to get it. I'm wondering what it'll be.

Well, this'll be about all for now. Do come over and see Theodore just as soon as you can.

Yours lovingly,

Roxanna.

P. S. — Wallace has just come in with his book, and *what* do you suppose it is? A "Baby Pathfinder," horrid thing!

## CHRISTENINGS

*Christening and Branding* Christening an infant and branding a calf are a good deal alike. Both the babe and the calf are roped into a ceremony over which they have no control, albeit they have considerable voice in the matter.

There is always a good deal of blatting during both ordeals, while the Livestock must take whatever brand is given it to have and to hold through life.

In spite of all this, christenings are distinctly "good form" and should be pulled off at all hazards, even at the risk of arrest for disturbing the peace.



*Sponsors* "A sponsor," said the little boy, "is the man who gave me a spoon, sir." But of late sponsors have become more liberal and usually throw in a knife and fork and, occasionally, a bank book.

The squad of sponsors usually numbers three, two godfathers and one godmother for a man-child and vice versa for a lady-babe.

*The Name* The infant should of course be named for some aged and amenable plutocrat with a tendency to apoplexy. And this in spite of any little musical discords like "Ephraim Abinidab" or "Hepzibah De Gratzio." The size of the Legacy is a good and sufficient answer to the threadbare question, "What's in a name?"

*Training* The Prodigy goes into training for the Christening immediately upon birth. Six weeks' time is considered sufficient for making the candidate sound in wind and limb and teaching him not to hit the rector below the belt.

*Flowers* If the function is held in church, only near and dear relatives are invited. Flowers suggestive of the occasion should be posted in the pews and about the chancel. Baby's Breath and Jack in the Pulpit make a happy combination. A posy for Baby's waistband is also required. For a boy, a genial sunflower is appropriate; for a girl, maiden-hair would seem to be the proper thing.

*The Ceremony* At the appointed hour, the guests take front pews, emboldened by the fact that "the usual collection" will not be taken. The nurse, flanked by the sponsors, enters the rear door and makes a determined dash for the front, bearing the pink miracle on a frilled pillow.

The mother, clad appropriately in white kids and a light gown, stands in the foremost pew, noting the sortie with a feeble smile and strong misgivings.



The father stands loyally at her side, devoting the solemn moments to silent perspiration.

At the font, the clergyman performs the baptismal rite, usually without the aid of a megaphone. Though, if Baby shows signs of starting a game of "Pit," it's all off. In this case, Toothless Tim should be allowed to open the argument for the defence, the prosecution reefing all sails and dropping anchor until the squall has blown over.

*The Reception* After the ceremony, the Christenee holds a free-for-all inspection and dress parade at the house of its progenitors. The uniform is that of the infantry — Buster Brown bib, side-arms, and dimples. Nurse is sutler and deals in half-pint bottles and rubber rattles.

*Music* The guests should come well-stocked with “goo goos,” “Ootsie Tootsie Wootsies,” and sundry other tweakings, chirpings, and gurglings, all of which are fluently spoken throughout the nurseries of the world.

After each hard-laboring guest has poked the dimple, waved the rattle, and bounced the infant mightily, he sits down to enjoy his just reward. This takes the form of an appropriate bit of music, a voice and piano being usually employed. One of the most touching little songs we ever heard began with the query, “Where did you come from, Baby dear?” Baby’s reply, though unintelligible, seemed to indicate that it had come from a boiler factory, where conversation has its difficulties.



## NURSERIES

*Pre-Natal Arrangements* A moderate familiarity with Nursery etiquette is now required in all American homes not addicted to the Racial Suicide habit.

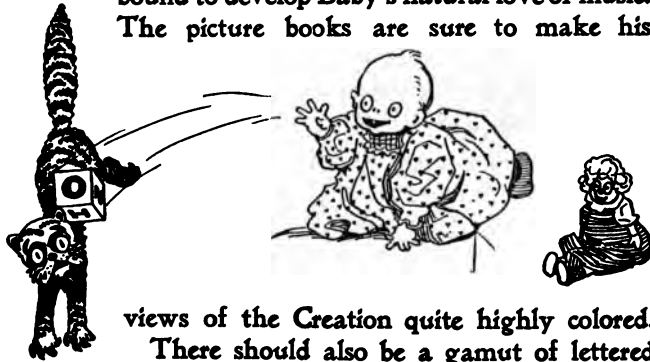
Long before the Little Stranger makes his entry into the Family Circle, preparations are begun for his entertainment. A full assortment of Lilliputian lingerie and a medium-sized puppy basket, lined with blue bombazine and hung with a cheese-cloth canopy, are provided against the day of his coming. This outfit is called a "layette"—a word derived from the French; *lait* meaning milk, and *être*, being, or creature: a "creature of milk."

*The Nursery* By the time the Infant is able to sit up and take nourishment, a royal throne room, or Nursery, is fitted up to receive the King of the Household.

This can be readily located by strangers entering the house, for it is the well-beloved spot in which Mother loves to loaf while the Cherub continually doth cry. It is a well-known fact that whenever the Royal Tyrant utters an Imperial ukase, the sound thereof smites the walls, echoes throughout the house, and frequently frightens timid horses and

nervous automobiles on the peopled pave without. The bellowings of a normal Babe are invariably lustier than the before-dinner oratory of a hungry Zoo.

*Familiar Furnishings* The Sanctum Sanctorum of the Incomparable One should contain a picturesque upheaval of the latest things in squeaky toys and the most lurid lithographic samples of the Animal Kingdom. The toys are bound to develop Baby's natural love of music. The picture books are sure to make his



views of the Creation quite highly colored.

There should also be a gamut of lettered blocks with which the Irresponsible Scion may pelt the cat, put a dent in the furniture, or relieve the windows of all their panes.

*A Noah's Ark*

A Noah's Ark is also invariably entrusted to the uncertain waves of infantile temper, in spite of the fact that half the livestock is usually butchered by the first Molar and the

staunch craft itself frequently founders 'neath a sudden typhoon from Baby's toe. Mr. and Mrs. Noah, and the Dove-with-an-appetite-for-Olives, are also pretty sure to be garroted by the frenzied fist of Puerile Posterity.



*How to Behave* Before entering a Nursery, ladies should be provided with stout clothing and toughened ear-drums. This insures against the wreckage of your wardrobe and a loss of hearing. Gentlemen will carry a 98-cent watch and a full set of whiskers, warranted not to rip, stretch, or tear, whenever Baby wishes to pull up the spinach crop by the roots.



Upon arrival, seat yourself firmly in the strongest chair, bend forward promptly toward the bow-legged bundle on the floor, extend your arms in a gesture of well-feigned enthusiasm, and twist the face into a Sunny Jim leer of boundless joy. This always makes a hit with the doting and delirious Mother. Baby, on the other hand, will probably interpret your friendly advances as a threat of assault and battery and set up a howl of terror that has

Bedlam and the Tower of Babel stilled to a stage-whisper.

*Juggling the Toys* After the close harmony spasm has subsided, the next move is to place yourself on the floor, in the most distressing pose possible, and busy yourself in collecting the priceless rubbish known as Baby's Toys.

After securing six or eight wooden blocks, you may dole them out one by one to Pudgy Pete, who



will promptly hurl them at your head, out of sheer gratitude and an instinctive desire to make a hit.

Next you will be called upon to rescue a woolly sheep from untimely burial in Baby's "tummy," just as the omnivorous Youngster has decided to add cold lamb to his bread-and-milk menu.

If you care for Art, pick out the least battered edition of "Mother Goose," and try to teach the young idea the beauties of Old King Coal—which

always appeals to minors—Little Miss Muffet—who could n't have been much of a cook, or she would n't have fled from a spider—Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son—who surely did n't steal a pig on account of poverty, being the son of a Plumber—and Little Miss Nettiecoat, in a White Petticoat—who set the style in short skirts.

*Taking Leave* Having survived the foregoing ordeals, one may escape the clutches of the Infant by stuffing it with Educators and wriggling toward the door while the Toothless Tyrant plays a gum game on the crumbs of comfort lurking in his mouth.

At the door, embrace the deluded Parent effusively, being careful to allude to her Offspring as "a Perfect Dear," "a Cunning Toad," "a Little Robin," "a Sweet Pea," and "a Cute Chameleon—so changeable, you know!" These remarks provoke a fresh Ecstasy in the Maternal Breast, during which you can usually make your escape without being noticed.

After visiting a hair-dresser, clothes-cleaner, osteopath, dentist, and masseur, you may possibly feel sufficiently comfortable and look respectable enough to go home.

## CALLING

*Two Kinds* Calls are divided into two classes — formal and informal. A formal call consists of two females, each politely posed on the outer edge of a piece of upholstered furniture, and grimly bent on displaying the staying qualities of fifteen minutes of loose talk and four yards of tight, silk waist.

Each is strong on scandal and weak on charity; long on gossip and short of breath.

It is therefore easy to see how the Formal Call may at times equal the record of Samson, and a thousand men be slain by the jaw-bone of — a Woman.

*The Approach* Being met at the door by the servant, the lady visitor making a formal call should inquire politely, "Is Mrs. Topp Lofti at home?"

Should the maid say, "Oi don't know, mum; Oi'll see," it will be best to dally in the vestibule until Mrs. Topp Lofti has time to make up her mind whether or not you are in "her set."

If she decides you're not, Bridget will return, possibly within a half hour, with the cheerful news:



"No, mum; she says she's out to-day!"

This tactful bit of information ought to persuade the most obtuse visitor that she has ventured about two rungs too high on the local social ladder.

In a case of this kind, it is not necessary to waste any Old English samples upon the card-tray of Mrs. Topp Lofti.

Should the lady, however, really desire your acquaintance, she will eventually emerge from her boudoir, gain the lower level, and greet you gushingly in the upholstery department—first door to the right, off the main aisle.

*How to Seat Yourself* After you have escaped from the gurgitation of her embrace, you may proceed boldly to the most substantial of the Louis XIV tête-à-têtes and gingerly place yourself upon the remotest edge of the silk damask trimmings. Keep the head erect, fold the hands, and

present to the world your most fetching "straight front." This is the true and only pose for the Formal Call.

*The* As the camel traverses the Sahara for days  
*Talk* upon a small allowance of water, so the Formal Call can drag itself through a whole afternoon, if need be, on Conversation. The Conversation, however, of the Formal Call is not to be belittled. It is an art. And, as an art, it means the successful negotiation of a mental tight rope by a skilled and well-trained performer.

The woman who can successfully do the trick must secure a firm footing upon the most tenuous





basis, always put her best foot forward, maintain a dignified equilibrium on the thinnest possible thread of discourse, and produce ceaseless movement, equally devoid of progress or retrogression.

Her sole footing is *savoir faire*; and Poise is her only balance-pole.

*Sample* Here is a sample of the prevailing  
*Chirpings* fashion in Formal Call conversation:

“Now, how are you? Well, I hope? Is n't this a beautiful day? *Have* you heard the latest? Billy Chandler's engaged to Minnie Mixer! Minnie's an awfully nice girl, of course; but I *don't* understand whatever attracted him in that creature! Why, she makes all her own shirtwaists and her hair's a sight, and her clothes look as though some one had thrown them at her.

“Well, I hope they'll do well; but my! Billy don't earn enough to keep himself in neckties, and Minnie's *so* extravagant! Why, she's bought a new diamond necklace and a hand-embroidered opera-cloak and a pair of Boston terriers and a set of chinchilla furs within a month, and her silver fox brand-new last season and not half worn out!

“They say they're going to be married in June and take a trip to California! Imagine! Well, I wish 'em joy, but Minnie'll certainly look sad in bridal roses with her brick red hair and waxy complexion, and it'll be *so* hot travelling, too. I know

they'll be tired and dusty and uncomfortable and cross and probably break up their honeymoon in a fight. Billy's so hot-tempered, you know, he'll never stand Minnie's fussy, fretful ways, and I wouldn't be surprised if they were divorced before the year's over!

"Well, so it goes! I must be going now, dear. I've got to drop into Mrs. Ernest Gabb's and tell her the news. Do come and see me soon. Bye-bye! Au revoir! Ta-ta!"

*Informal Calls* In the country, the informal call is a kind of back-door visitation, in which the little old red shawl and a gingham apron do very well for a make-up and the loan of a cup of molasses from Mrs. Hardscrabble answers for an excuse.

In making an informal call, throw the shawl over the head and shoulders and break into your neighbor's kitchen with a cheerful face and a telltale tongue, having the following speech well in hand:

*Rural Chat-terings* "Jest thought I'd drop in a minute, M's Hardscrabble. Nice,



pretty day, ain't it? I'm makin' a baked Injun puddin' fer dinner and I ain't got a speck er molasses in th' house.

"Sam Simpkins, th' grocer, don't call around and tend ter business like he use ter. Guess he's kind er sweet on Sally Hicks. They *dew* say he's callin' at th' Hicks' every Wednesday evenin' and sets up till 'most nine o'clock! An' he keeps her comp'ny after singin' school and Sunday evenin' prayer meetin'.

"Wal, I allus liked Sally; bright, pert gal, leetle might sassy, p'raps, but smarter 'n a steel trap and to'able handy at cookin'. Yes, she 'll make Sam a good wife. Wal, I must be goin' and git my puddin' fixed. Hiram's so sot on hevin' his meals punctual. Cum over soon, M's Hardscrabble; want ter show ye my new crazy-quilt, two hundred 'n seventy-nine pieces made out er all the old fambly dresses, from Great-Grandma Wilkins' weddin' gown down ter young Silas' fust pair o' long pants!"

*Kitchen Calls* Formal calls are now in vogue among the domestics in most of our city kitchens, and are thoroughly enjoyed by all menu-builders of sociable disposition. Among those whom it is perfectly proper for Bridget to receive in the basement are the Iceman, the Butcher, the Baker, the Grocer, and the favorite Policeman.

*Ice-man* The Ice-man is usually the first caller in the day. He appears shortly after sun-up, but seldom has much to say—being tong-tied. Still he always has axe-cess to the basement door, makes his weigh in the best homes, and takes his pick in the kitchen. The only drawback to the pleasure of his coming is the sudden coldness that develops between himself and the Cook when he starts to fill the refrigerator with his wares, though the melting mood follows shortly after.

*Butcher* The Butcher is also a constant caller. He generally comes dressed in the height of fashion, being content with nothing less than “a bloody frock, don’t-yer-know!” If Nora dares to order a loin of beef and a slice of steak, he is apt to give her a rib roast and the cut direct.

*The Baker* The Baker, being fond of a loaf and having more crust than the others, is invariably invited to break bread in the best of families, and generally winds up by selecting the flour of the family to minister to his kneads.

*Grocer* Considerable sand is required for the Grocer’s call. The Grocer thinks so himself, as you’ll discover when you examine the sugar he leaves you. For making a successful call, he generally carries along plenty of Force and a fistful of Welcome Soap. When he arrives behind time, a bottle of ketchup makes an appropriate penitential offering. For

easing the temper of the Cook, apply a little taffy and suggest a few dates; if the "loidy" replies by ordering a dozen sheets of sticky fly paper and five pounds of cube sugar, you may breathe easier. She is beginning to get stuck on you and promises to be

sweet.



*The Food and "Cop-shelter in per" unlimited*

quantities are never denied the sturdy arm of the law whenever it wishes to loaf around the kitchen range. Many erroneously suppose that Policemen are fond of beats. This is a mistake. They much prefer cold

roast beef, pâté de foies gras, and truffled chicken, served from the plump fist of Nora the Bountiful in the lower recesses of the brownstone front.

In return for this open-handed hospitality, no really considerate "cop" will presume to interrupt the operations of the busy Burglar who helps himself to the silver plate and half the family jewels up

stairs while "one of the Finest" is gormandizing and gossiping down below.

The Policeman is, in short, the Beau Brummel of the Kitchen visiting-list. He's as welcome as the "flowers in May" at any time of the day or night whenever he wishes to happen in, and is the prime favorite with the cook, waitress, lady's maid, chambermaid, and nurse. The only requisites are a brass-badged helmet and an unabridged brogue from the Emerald Isle.

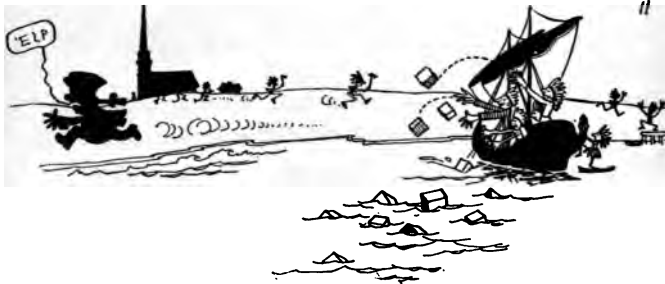
## AFTERNOON TEAS

*History* The Afternoon Tea bacillus is Anglo-American. Its first victim was Brother Jonathan, its second, Uncle Sam. The malady is now epidemic in every American home equipped with a china closet, hot water and thirst.

The first Afternoon Tea in this country was held in Boston Harbor in 1773. The British entertained, and a bevy of bright, young Indians poured. Unfortunately, the guests overindulged and began to throw out their chests. Before long, they were all over the bay.

The British protested against the addition of soured Oolong to the ship's mess.

In vain.



The Yankees continued to throw out more chests. The Britons began to wail about the ruin of Formosa and the English breakfast.

By this time, there were no more chests to throw out; but from Bug Light to Moon Island, the harbor had become one of the finest teeing grounds this side of St. Andrews. In fact, the Yankees had already succeeded in overdriving the green and landing in casual water.

Tea consumption on such a scale naturally left plenty of grounds for complaint.

The ensuing argument between Cockney and Yank lasted more than seven

years, during which time the Colonists had to worry along on stewed mulberry leaves and Medford Rum.

*Varieties* The Afternoon Tea of our forefathers, it will be seen, was carried out by the tide. But it has been brought back by the Swells, and to-day, from Bar Harbor to the Golden Gate,





Afternoon Teas are the accepted functions of the fashionable.

There are two kinds — retail and wholesale.

*Retail* The retail variety of Afternoon Tea *Afternoon* is limited in numbers, but plays a “no *Teas* limit” game. From a dozen to twenty of the hostess’ female friends are eligible, if provided with a nose for news and the chin to match it.

The guests operate a bureau of public and private censorship, with a manufacturing interest in mince-meat and shoestrings on the side. The raw materials used are Character and Reputation, furnished by their friends. The Day’s Work begins about three P.M., and concludes whenever hubby’s latchkey sounds “taps” on the outer portal.

The hostess is head distiller and commissary-general ex-officio, and issues Young Hyson and hardtack between breaths.

*The* The wholesale variety of Afternoon Tea *Wholesale* is both horticultural and gastronomic. *Kind* It is a combination flower show and food exhibit, in which a “bud” is coaxed into bloom and a multitude is fed.

It is, in fact, a latter-day miracle, in which five thousand may once more be refreshed by no more than five small loaves and two samovars. Besides the loaves and the liquids, the one thing needful is a débutante of eighteen birthdays, eleven yards of

white chiffon, and a family tree that's not too shady.

The function is put on between three and six, or four and seven P.M., and should be prepared and tackled as follows:

*Preparations* A very effective display advertisement is secured by the front-door use of a straight and narrow tent sheltering ten yards of red carpet and a fat policeman. The policeman will, of course, cheerfully secure for the neighboring cooks and nurse-maids choice curbstone views of the procession. In case of riot or robbery within doors, wake him gently before notifying. Remember always that a Policeman is your "never present help in time of trouble."

*Invitations* If your home accommodates two hundred, be careful to invite not less than six hundred. The result is sure to be a "crush," without which no well-regulated tea is complete. At this condition of affairs, the men may protest feebly, but no female veteran of the bargain counters will feel otherwise than quite at ease.

*Furniture* Indoors, all first-floor furniture, with the exception of the lunch-room fixtures, should be removed to a safe and inaccessible place. On no account should any chairs, couches, divans, davenport, footstools, ottomans, or tabourettes be available. If a weary dowager of sixty is

detected trying to snatch a moment's rest on the stairs, she should be reminded firmly, but tactfully, that she has accepted a "standing invitation" only. If this reminder is not sufficient, remove on a stretcher and ring for the ambulance.



*Flowers* Plants and flowers should be strewn all over the pewless premises. A really clever hostess provides several swamps of palms and a jungle or two of rubber trees. These are always placed chin high, to tickle the elderly under the ears and add a tinge of merriment to the occasion.

*The Temperature* Care should be exercised to have the house well warmed. The fashionable temperature seems to be from 100 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Never let it get below 90 at all hazards. Also remember to lower the curtains, nail up all windows and outside doors, and turn on the gas. The gas provides a charitable light for questionable complexions, besides contributing to the ever popular Turkish bath effect.

*Music* The orchestra should be of mixed nationality, which always insures against monotony in the music. Thus, a well-arranged programme should include "Die Wacht am Rhein," "Tommy Atkins," "Dancing in the Barn," "Every Nigger Had a Raglan On," "Bedelia," and "Hiawatha." Only stringed instruments should be hired—the wind being provided by the guests.

The musicians should be stationed in a remote closet or the coalbin, carefully screened by a bunch of bananas or the week's wash.

The location, as well as the tropical scenery, gives the music a far-away quality which is very desirable, at the same time being audible enough to protect General Conversation from stage-fright.

*The Receivers* The Afternoon Tea is unique in one respect. It is the only one-night attraction for which receivers are appointed before the show has a chance to do what it can

without them. Foremost among these receivers is the hostess.

*The Hostess* The hostess should wear a thoroughly house-broken gown, waist made with decked-over neck, and balk-line sleeves, skirt fitted with automatic switch and accommodation train. She is stationed in the thinly padded cell formerly known as the Drawing Room.

Beside her is the "bud," usually her daughter, but seldom looking the part. The latter is swathed in infantile innocence and an extra portion of lace insertion.

The deputy-receivers, of riper years, come next, displaying full silk bandaging and a knowledge of all things, good and evil.

*Cards* In the hall a platter is conspicuously posted where all visitors should leave cards. If the débutante is a favorite, we would suggest that you drop in a Queen of Hearts. A Full House is, of course, invariably appropriate.

*Deportment* Three passwords only are required in the temple of tea, talk, and titter. These are "Chawmed," "D'lighted," and "With Pleasyaw."

On entering the drawing-room, give your right name to the Butler-Interpreter who, with astonishing celerity, will translate it into Zulu, or something equally unspeakable, and megaphone it to his mis-

ress. The latter, having the enamelled smile well under control, extends her begloved digits, completes the final wreckage of your once staunch and serviceable surname, and hands you a pass to the flower show. Here the "bud" drops you a dimple, a



"d'lighted," and a dental display, and transfers you from the elevated to the surface, where looms the second Assistant-Receiver.

This party, a maiden aunt, has memorized Bradstreet, and if you are an eligible male she turns on the X-Ray to see how many "bones" you have. The third, also a spinster relative, probes for blue-blood with the needle of her eye and then you're discharged — without pay.

Following the vivisection, your remains are shunted toward the Dining-Room on a faint chance that the digestive tract is still working.

*Conver-* In the foregoing, as well as the succeeding,  
*sation* ordeals it is only necessary to grasp the hand of each lady firmly, but gently, with your own, hoist it a few rods, then drop it, being careful not to stumble over any of the Tiffany pebbles nor to mar the ceiling with the knuckles.

At each greeting, cleverly alternate "Chawmed" with "D'lighted." This will add brilliancy to the dialogue and give you a reputation for versatility that is not to be despised.

*Discovery* The food show is in the dining-room  
*of the* and is easily located. It lies always  
*Dining-* where the mob is thickest and the up-  
*Room* roar loudest.

There are two good methods for breaking and entering. If you have trustworthy accomplices, the flying wedge, though proscribed in football, is always permissible here. If you're alone, try a jimmy.

*Detecting* On the tables, several hard-working  
*the Food* candles of more or less rectitude attempt to throw a favorable light on the matter — whence the expression "light refreshments." If the candles are not enough, the really considerate hostess will make the viands of sufficient bulk to be discerned with the naked eye. In case they are

merely microscopic, the guest should provide himself with a pair of field-glasses. If you don't happen to have any about you, the servants—who are really excellent food detectives—will lead you to the mahogany altar of Epicurus, where you will find the “festive bored” in large numbers.

*How to Serve a Lady* If a gentleman accompanies a lady to the dining-room, he should ask permission to fetch her a cup of tea, an ice, or a boneless bun. If she wishes nothing, he cannot, in politeness, partake of anything himself. In this case, it is perfectly proper to look up an Arabella with an appetite, with whom you may munch contentedly. If an actress is present, try her.

*The Food* The menu for two hundred should include at least three lettuce leaves—for decorative purposes—a sprinkling of bantam-weight sandwiches, thinly spread with air, and a few unsweetened zephyrs with ozone stuffing. The liquid refreshments are tea, chocolate, and bouillon, kept so closely confined in samovars as to look drawn when served. Those who do the drawing include several nimble-fingered matrons with well-stoned knuckles, assisted by a bevy of ambitious and unmarried maids, known to Society as “floaters.”



## BALLS

A Ball is an overgrown dance in outgrown clothes. Like certain famous tablets, they "work while you sleep!" They begin at curfew, close with the Milkman, and all belong to the Nights of Labor.

*Who Gives Them* The President of the United States, the King of England and other world potentates all give balls at stated periods. Also the Firemen, the Policemen, the Amalgamated Ash Heavers, and the Tip Cart Drivers' Union.

And there are French Balls.

*State Balls* In attending a King's, President's, or Governor's ball, full evening dress is of course required. Gentlemen of military or naval rank also wear full regimentals, diplomats don their badges, titled folks display their decorations, and heroes hang out their medals.

Gentlemen do not wear headgear, remaining uncovered throughout the function.

Also the ladies, only more so.

*Men's Dress* Every able-bodied male should wear some sort of uniform. This will not only give him a plethora of partners, but will also place him "among those present" in the next day's papers.

If you are neither an army or navy officer, the natty uniform of the Zion City Zouaves or the Seaweed Yacht Club will suffice. If you cannot claim membership in either of these, wear the oil-cloth, tin-and-canvas outfit in which you made such a brave show at the Tammany torchlight parade.

Should you choose to pose as a diplomat, drape the shirt-front with an auctioneer's flag, or corral the neck with a ribbon festoon, hung with a badge. Most any old badge will do, though we strongly recommend those of either the King's Daughters, the Band of Mercy, or the Anti-Treat League.

*Women's Dress* A woman's costume calls for the regulation full dress and undress — full as to skirt, but shy on neck and sleeves. The skirt should be made with heavy, double-header freight train, stuccoed with fret-work and rubble. The corsage should be of submarine type, low gunwale, and worn



submerged to the portholes. Materials—twenty or thirty yards for the skirt, six or eight inches for the waist. For preventing pleurisy, bronchitis and pneumonia, coughs, croup and asthma, wear a peck of diamonds and a yard and a half of pearls. With these remedies applied in the right place, any woman will feel well enough to be up and out, and have the bed made.

*Special Balls* If invited to one of the so-called Policemen's, Firemen's, or Waiters' Balls, a much less elaborate costume is called for. The only essentials are a sack suit, two coats of hair-oil, and a suitable breath. "Dress suits" are barred, except, of course, at the Waiters' Ball, where the hosts always appear in their working clothes.

Ladies who are anxious to please will wear a pint of Patchouli and two yards of chewing-gum.



*Cotillion Favors* At most balls a cotillion or "german" is danced during the evening. At these the favors, or souvenirs, are always suggestive of the hosts or the occasion.

At the President's or Governor's ball, for example, the favors would include a cork-

screw for the man with a pull, a plum for the faithful partisan, and a roll for the grafter.

The Policemen, on the other hand, would distribute twisters and search warrants as favors. With the twisters on hand, any lady is apt to develop quite an attachment for you, while the search warrant gives a free hand in the supper room.

The Firemen's favors might be handsomely bound biographies and two feet of hose. In accepting a Biography, the guest would make himself popular with the fire-fighters, who always admire the man who takes his life in his hands. The hose would be appreciated by any lady with a taste in footwear.

At the Waiters' Ball, late quotations from the stock market could be distributed. Also towels. The use of the towels would readily suggest itself when the temperature approached ninety degrees; the quotations would do for tips.

## CARD PARTIES

Cards were first introduced into royal society by the French King, Charles VI. They are now shuffled and dealt in all respectable families except the Methodists, who are still pottering over Authors and Tiddle-de-Winks.

A game of cards furnishes a simple, informal entertainment, whither you may call your friends with little cost or trouble — all except poker, in which the “call” is somewhat more expensive.

*Preparations* The drawing-rooms should be flooded with light and littered with tables. Chairs, too, are often provided, while dressing-rooms are appreciated by guests in need of cold storage or casual repairs.

*Play* Play usually begins at eight or eight-thirty. The finish depends upon the whim of the hostess and the condition of the prize-fighters.

If an endurance run is scheduled, the wise player makes arrangements to have his mail forwarded and his meals sent in. He also carries a pillow for cat-naps between hands.

When a really definite time-limit obtains, the hostess usually sounds the tintinnabulary tocsin at



eleven or twelve P.M. This calls up the class in arithmetic, for problems in addition and subtraction. The first is worked out on the score cards, the second in the butler's pantry.

*The Prizes* The prizes are then awarded. This is a merry moment for the heavy-weights, only those with the largest figures ever winning.

All prize takers should plan to be taken quite by surprise, as follows :

"Why, really, I'd no idea I'd win! Thanks, so much! A lovely bottle of Hair Restorer! So opportune, too, now rats are going out!"

*Euchre* Although played by some of our best families, euchre is nevertheless a somewhat shady pastime, with bowers right and left, repre-

sented by knaves and taken by jokers, who seem to stand high with everybody.

*Hearts* A most peculiar game is hearts, since it brings some one into disgrace every time it is played. For the final custodian of hearts is certain to be caught red-handed, from which the most modest flush will not rescue him unless, of course, he wears his hearts in his sleeve, in which case detection can be often avoided.

*Whist* Whist imposes the penalty of silence upon all who would play. This makes it a nice

game for the deaf and dumb, but somewhat of a strain upon women and children. Still, many females who are proud of their self-control do not hesitate to essay the game, being careful not to interrupt the speechless fall of pasteboard oftener than once in forty seconds to ask:

“What’s trumps?”

“Whose lead is it?”

“Mine? Pardon me, how stupid!” “What



was led, a club? A spade, you say? Really, I must apologize, but I was quite carried away by that stunning waist Mrs. Fitz Baggs is wearing!"

These little lingual lapses must of course be overlooked by real gentlemen, for they not only relieve



a tremendous pressure on the lady's larynx, but serve to assure all competitors that her play, at least, will be innocent of tricks.

*Bridge* Bridge was invented many centuries ago by an old chap with a Roman nose, by the name of Horatius. He held his own at Bridge for a while, satisfied with the Honors he got out of it.



Now-a-days, Bridge has come to be a kind of social piracy in which there are knaves in plenty and all the killing is done between decks. It is like a well-ordered kitchen, incomplete without its "Bridge it;" or a high church pew, forever flaunting its "Pray do." It is not unlike a convention of Knockers, where everyone is out for the Grand Slam.

Bridge whist is an amiable, all-night employment for portly old ladies with plethoric purses and young folks who have tired of faro, the shell game, and three-card monte. It can generally be pulled off without interference from the District Attorney's office in any well-furnished home equipped with plenty of pasteboards and a flood of light.

It is generally supposed among the uninitiated that Bridge can be essayed only by the clever and brainy. As a matter of fact, it takes a Dummy to play it properly.

## DINNERS

*Origin* The art of getting the most out of a dinner has been sedulously cultivated ever since Jacob won a birthright from Esau for a dish of lentils and the Prodigal Son helped himself to veal cutlets in the Old Homestead.

The modern hors d'oeuvres, entrées, and liqueurs are merely an elaboration of the original Jake-pot and grilled calf menu.

Dinners afford a popular form of entertainment for one's friends — whenever the Beef Trust is willing.

*Rules* The rules for the hostess are few, but exacting. They are:

*Hostess* I. First get permission from the Cook. Prepare a monster petition, showing the signatures of the entire household, done on vellum with hand-illuminated initials. Approach the Czar of the Soup Kettle with deference and humility — but wear a mailed shirt. This makes a



striking effect when you are belabored by rolling-pins and stove-lids. If your petition fails, try a few tears. If sufficiently copious, they often succeed in floating Nora from the rock of rebellion into the gentle current of benevolent assimilation.

II. Having secured the necessary sanction from



the kitchen, proceed to make out a list of your acquaintances, choosing preferably the light eaters and heavy thinkers. The wisdom of this move will be apparent when the Butcher's bill comes in.

III. When the glad day arrives, station yourself in the drawing-room behind your smelling salts and in front of a pier-glass. By using the salts, you

will convince your friends that your hospitality is not a feint, and in obstructing the mirror, no reflections will be cast upon your guests.

IV. At table, do not let your small son devour more than three portions of the cocoanut custard or the chocolate ice cream. After half a dozen soft things have disappeared into the empty heir, it is not considered good form to further McCurdyize the foodstuffs.

V. Give the Intellect a free rein, but put hobbles on your appetite. While cantering Hunger over several courses, don't forget to draw the curb at every take-off. For speeding the Conversation, use the spur of the moment.

*The Ante-Prandial Program* Young men should arrive promptly about fifteen minutes late. This allows the hostess sufficient time to add a few touches to her Parisian toilette and the Cook a keen cutting edge to her Tipperary temper.

As soon as arrived, the guest should enter the arena with bare knuckles, salute the lady of the house, and permit himself to be handed over to his fair partner of the mess-tent.

If she is a stranger, small talk should be immediately floated at the current rate of interest.

If the lady is from Boston, breezily launch an epigram upon the split infinitive or the nebular hypothesis, or release a *bon mot* about Browning

and baked beans. This will break the ice gently and usually induce an early thaw.

With a Philadelphia maid, insist that this is your first view of the genuine liberty belle. If she has a tongue, she will make appeal to you and display her true mettle.

If the company is large and the room small, do not speak of "small quarters" to a Chicago girl. She is apt to think you are talking about dressed beef and packing-houses—a tender subject. Neither is it tactful, when asked to guess the length of her shoe ribbon, to reply, "A lot over two feet."

The up-to-date New York girl must be interviewed with the aid of an interpreter from the Rialto or the Bowery. It is extremely embarrassing, and wellnigh impossible, for the average novice to attempt to translate, offhand, the latest classical gems from the world's leading slang factory.

*The Courses* In breaking and entering the modern dinner, the guest is allowed a choice of soups. If the servant brings you thick soup, and you do not care for that kind, make it clear to him.

Upon entering the fish course, see that you are properly forked. While the servants generally lay their hands on all the "bones" they can find, some are occasionally overlooked. In this case, it is perfectly proper for the guest to start a game of Jack

Straws with his fork. After subtracting a few units from the vertebral column, divide the imperfect fractions and put down the remainder.

With the entrées, the diner-out, like the mediæval martyrs, is confronted with the alternative of a hot stake or a cold chop. A modest person, however, will prefer to count himself in on the small fry — such as Julienne potatoes and frogs' legs.

When it comes to the roast, some prefer pork, underdone — though this is rare.

A woman invariably calls for a rib of beef. She began her career by stealing one of Man's, and has enjoyed steady employment trying to tickle them ever since.

Expert equestrians may fearlessly bestride a saddle of mutton and even cut a few capers, without coming a cropper at the ditch gravy.

Doctors will feel right at home over a slice of ham — toothsome reminder of a victim that was killed before it was cured.

Stock brokers will cheerfully knife the young Lamb and readily appropriate all traces of the mint that lingered in its wake.

Of the punch, cautious guests should partake sparingly. Remember, it was a Roman punch that killed Caesar, while the London Punch is still afflicting the British.

For salads, lettuce leaves are always encountered.

Among the very best people, they have never been cut, but folded, to keep the French dressing and the English mustered.

When a tough fowl is inadvertently served, do not criticise. It was probably a Plymouth Rock. Therefore, respect the antiquities. If no better comment suggests itself, tactfully exclaim to your



hostess, "What delicious wild duck!" Under the circumstances, it is perfectly proper to make game of it. By doing enough talking along this line, you can avoid running up a dentist's bill until the ancient and athletic morsel is ferried to the kitchen.

*Final Hint* I. When the host insists upon telling a thrilling ghost story, help yourself liberally to the onions. You can thus await the climax with baited breath.

II. If the service is poor, do not complain to the

dumb waiter, as the latter is apt to be hung for it anyway.

III. Absent-minded guests from the boarding-house districts are cautioned not to present their meal-tickets to be punched by the butler on entering the dining-room. In private homes, the punch is deferred until after the salad course.

IV. When the hostess begins to make a gun-wad of her napkin, it is a motion to adjourn, and should be laid on the table.

V. After dinner, the ladies leave for the drawing-room to discuss the men. The men remain in the dining-room to forget the women. When the host passes the cigars, take one, even though you intend to make a butt of it. If ponies of brandy stray your way, it is a part of horse sense to take one — but no more.



## CHURCH SERVICES

Religion and Aristocracy have been bed-fellows for centuries. Second only in precedence to the Royal Family in many lands is the Head of the Established Faith. Nor, in our own Democracy, does the title "Pillar of the Church" disqualify for that of "Bulwark of Society."

Indeed, the second is often the well-begotten child of the first. For where have not the Service Book and the Sewing Circle frequently forced the stubborn portals of the socially sanctified? Where, at one time or another, has not the centre-aisle pew been the Pious Politician's gang-plank to the Ship of State? And where, oh where, has not the "Amen corner" been milady's perennial show-place for recurring novelties in bonnets and boas?

Where, too, is there a more convenient place in which to be christened, wedded, and buried?

Church etiquette is very simple and imposes only one or two special rules.

*Dress* For the Sunday morning service, a woman's wardrobe calls for the best bonnet and shawl and a pocket edition of the literature of her Faith.

## CHURCH SERVICES 61

Her escort wears a black coat and tries to look cheerful.

*Depart-  
ment* A woman always follows the service and sermon attentively, being careful not to appear interested in the Other Woman's Hat. Conversation is prohibited during service, but as soon as the congregation is dismissed, she should linger at the door with the rest of the Sisters for a brief chat of two or three hours.

Gentlemen should be careful not to fall asleep until the plate has been passed. A post-offertory nap for men, however, is not condemned by the more liberal clergy.

Strangers should never allow themselves to be misled by the clergyman's theme. "Whoa, every one that thirsteth," is not a hint to leave between the acts.

## THEATRES

*The Arrival* In attending a theatrical performance, two methods of entering are open. If you are poor, but courteous, you will arrive shortly before the appointed hour. This gives you time to remove your goloshes, read the program advertisements, watch the leakage of the fiddlers from a hole-in-the-wall, adjust your opera-glasses, squint at your neighbors, and execrate the barbarian who painted the drop-curtain.

If you are wealthy enough to afford to be rude, you may arrive in a cab, hansom, brougham, or motor car just in season to tread on your neighbor's toes, muss her skirts, obstruct the view of the stage, and drown the music and the actors' voices while berating the Usher in loud tones for your "abominable seats!"

*The Functionaries* There are several functionaries peculiar to the Theatre, each of whom requires a special code of etiquette.

On reaching the outside entrance, you will be struck by six or eight unshaven individuals, each of whom sheds abroad a voice like a bloodhound and a garlic aroma.

He will shake a fistful of pasteboard in your astonished face and offer you battle in the following well-known tocsin of the Curb:

“Cum-on-gints - git-  
yer-chice-seats-fer-de-  
show! Dere-o’ny-five-  
a-t’row! A-V-spot-  
takes-em-one-n-all!”



This is not the Villain in the Show. He is a Speculator. He should be firmly but gently overlooked and passed by on the other side.

Pilgrim's Progress next leads by a straight and narrow way to the little wicket gate where sits the Box Office Man. Celerity and Short Change are his specialties. Here any Patron of average stupidity may get two tickets for the price of three without waking up until the middle of the third act. For protecting your Dependent Family against sudden loss, put a padlock on your purse before interviewing the Box Office.

*The Usher* Further on, you will be handed on to the Usher Man who takes the Leading Part—the Usher. He will first see that you are destitute of programs, then grab your coupons, do a hundred yards down the aisle in 10 1/5, and double

back before you have the small matter of your hat well in hand. You may profitably spend the next ten minutes in looking for your seats.

Coats and hats may be checked before entering,



but no method has yet been devised for checking the Rapid Transit Usher.

*How to* During the performance, the face should  
*Enjoy* be worn toward the footlights and the  
*Yourself* voice carried well below the whispering stage — or stage-whisper. Between the acts, it is customary to ogle the balconies and boxes and argue volubly with your neighbor as to whether

the Leading Lady is wearing real diamonds or paste.

At a spectacular show, it is considered wise to have the women all sit in the front row, wearing picture hats with a spread of at least three feet and an altitude of not less than eighteen inches. This prevents The Man Behind from seeing too much of the scantily clad Female who wears nothing much but a Spear and a few feeble cheers.

If the hat is by any chance removed, it is considered obligatory for a lady to remove her back comb, carefully card out her mane, and scatter her pompadour promiscuously over the surface of her head until she displays an obstruction that is quite as effective as a Circassian Beauty's coiffure or a bale of straw.

*Going* With the fall of the curtain on the first  
*Out for* and each succeeding act, all able-bodied  
*Refresh-* males should rise *en masse* and make  
*ments* for the exits. Do not be over-particular where you step, or worry if you happen to leave your hat behind. It is astonishing how faint the strongest man becomes in a theatre, and how frequently outside restoratives have to be applied.

As a faint expression of the horrors of the entr'acte, we herewith submit a rhythmical diatribe against this prevailing custom, which may appeal to some of our long-suffering theatre-goers,

## THEATRES

My wife and I were at the show,  
 Both dressed up mighty fine ;  
 We had aisle seats in the second row —  
 The best ones in the line.  
 Till the curtain fell, we liked the place,  
 Then four good men, and stout,  
 Began the usual hurdle race,  
 To be the first one out.

The leader roused my wife to scorn  
 By smashing in her bonnet,  
 The second did n't like my corn,  
 And so he jumped upon it.  
 The third one rumbled up my hair,  
 The fourth destroyed my tile —  
 The remnants that were fit to wear  
 We gathered from the aisle.

Refrain : Oh, how I love the Entr' Acte,  
 What joys await me there !  
 My neighbors vanish for a "smile,"  
 But I remain to swear.  
 The rest may leave between the acts,  
 For "wet goods" and for air ;  
 But I must stay behind to put  
 My dry goods in repair !



While the gentlemen are  
 thus obliged to resort to  
 sudden removal and a glass  
 of Orangeade, the women  
 bear up bravely, requiring nothing  
 more than an opera-glass and a cra-

of assorted chocolates. The opera-glass is almost as entertaining as a male escort, either one of which may be drawn out, seen through, and shut up again. The chocolates will give you thirst enough to necessitate several prolonged interviews with the good-looking youth who carries the water-tray.

*The Fiddlers* The fiddlers sit just this side of the foot-lights. The agile party at the bat, who generally "fans out," is the Conductor, so called because he hands out the transfers and keeps his eye on the fair.

*The Soubrette* The female whose head has been turned by flattery and peroxide is the Soubrette. One regrets, when trying to locate her costume without the aid of the glasses, that she hardly earns enough to clothe herself.

*The Low Comedian* The tattered young man with the bulbous red nose, a bullfrog utterance, and a six days' growth is a Low Comedian. It is some comfort to find out, before the end of the performance, that he is not quite so bad as he's painted.

*The Prima Donna* The chesty Amazon who issues promissory notes without interest, which are discounted in the next day's newspapers, is the prima donna. Her income from the Box Office is so large that she can frequently afford a Dog in her hotel and a cold in the head.



*The*      The active little Miss with the ball-bearing  
*Chorus*      knees and plaster-cast smile is the Chorus  
*Girl*      Girl. She is versatile enough to play, at  
one performance, the parts of a Private in the  
Ranks, a Happy Villager, a portion of the Mob,  
or a piece of the Populace.

## CHAPERONES

The Chaperone is the Good Shepherd of the Flock. She must ceaselessly lead her lambs into the green pastures and beside the still waters of the Social Swim.

Only a Lion may prevail against her and carry off a ewe to the sacrificial altar.

Chaperones are usually of one of three ages—Marriage, Parentage, or Dotage.

Their charges are universally of one age—Bondage.

*Personal Requirements* A Chaperone should be a respectable married woman—one who can recognize her own husband at a glance—or two glances.

She should be a paragon of “good form,”—though she have the figure of an Edam cheese or a stringed bean.

She should be well read, especially in the “American Social Register,” “The Almanach de Gotha,” “Bradstreet’s,” and “Town Topics.”

As she is seldom called upon to talk, but little is expected of her in the conversational line. It is sufficient if she be fairly well posted on golf, tennis,

baseball, football, boating, pony polo, track athletics, hunting, coaching, motoring, fishing, photography, commerce, religion, politics, law, medicine, finance, fashions, pugilism, and Bridge. These, with a few chapters on music, art, literature, the stage, science, history, travel, and scandal will do for a beginning.



*Duties* In the heraldry of Chaperonage, there is but one motto: "Two's company and three's a crowd!" It is forever up to the Chaperone to syndicate the two-some and make it "a crowd." She must never forget that "Eternal Vigilance is the price of Propriety."

In her well-ironed face her Charge should recognize "an eye like Ma's, to threaten and command." This should be reinforced by a double-barrelled, centre-fire, breach-of-etiquette-loading lorgnette, with which to check the sudden romping of a stag or the unconventional caperings of a butterfly.

# KISSING

*An Art* Kissing is the art of extracting honey from tulips, and protecting the same against frost by careful massage and frequent watering.

Not more — nor less — than two individuals are necessary.

Kissing is practised in all parts of the world, but flourishes best on verandas, unlighted halls, back stairs, buggies, arbors, canoes, hay-racks, cradles, and go-carts.

*Two Kinds* There are two kinds — Natural and Artificial. The Natural kiss is a product of spontaneous combustion arising from the too close contact of a pair of Sparks.

The Artificial is the kind we sometimes manage to pucker up and explode on the person of a Baby, a Girl Chum, or a Mother-in-Law.

*How to Manage a Kiss* There are various In approaching site sex with de-facturing and marketing a kiss,



rules for kissing. one of the oppo-signs of manu-

erect and face to the front, preserving a firm and manly bearing. Grasp the victim suddenly about the middle, using either one or two arms in so doing, according to the size of the waist line.

Be careful not to puncture the hand on any belt-buckles or black-headed pins that may be lying in wait for you.

Imprint a brief but impressive salute in the right place, release the prisoner, and retire to your corner before the gong sounds.

Should the lady scream, seek the nearest exit, without bothering about your hat and coat, before Father floats in on the high tide and you are caught on the parental undertoe.



*Rules for Women* When a young man presumes to kiss you in the parlor, call loudly for help. If you're sure he's not in, call for Father. If Mother is out, holler for her.

If they are both at home upon this trying occasion, do not summon them, but draw away



suddenly, stamp your foot gracefully upon the padded carpet, and hiss softly between your clenched and quivering teeth, "Sir, how dare you!"

If you do it well enough, any young man with nerve will favor you with an encore, just to encourage your rare dramatic gifts, and start a little rehearsal for himself on "The Taming of the Shrew."

*Rules for Men* In kissing a girl, never wear a smooth face, lest she be unable to distinguish your performance from that of her dearest girl friend. On the other hand, do not wear a moustache or beard. Women are apt to set their faces against them.

Never kiss a girl in the dark. You are apt to tumble off the brink of an ear-lobe, or sink beneath the depths of a Marcelle wave.

Never kiss her in the light, as she's apt to see you first and withdraw from the entertainment one of its principal features — her mouth.

*Women's Dress* For enduring the horrors of the masculine kiss, a young woman should wear a gown of some clinging fabric and a firm and immovable head of hair.

If this hint is carefully followed, she will not have to repeatedly interrupt the flow of sibilants with sudden vocal explosions of "Heavens! My hair's a sight!"

Upon an occasion of this sort, the male mind is ill-prepared to welcome even the cleverest epigrams upon the Fickleness of Hair Pins and the Instability of the Pompadour.

*The* As for the best locality for kissing, any  
*Locality* old place will do, though we especially recommend the Mouth, as here the requisite effort receives its largest reward.

Finally, brethren, it is a safe assertion that the kiss that means the most wants no audience, while the kiss that means the least demands a crowded thoroughfare and a host of witnesses.

## HOUSE PARTIES

*Its Mission* A House Party consists, broadly speaking, of a company of from four to twenty guests gathered together in the Wilderness in the name of Hospitality for a spirited contest in Wardrobes and Parlor Tricks.

This sort of thing affords an excellent chance for the Callow Youth from the City to get next to Nature and any stray eligible in white piqué and lingerie halo who may be among the exhibits.

It affords the grass widow a rare opportunity to start a hay-fever epidemic among whatever gilded Scions of Vast Wealth may be "among those present."

By being asked, through lack of space, to share the same room, fashionable wives and blasé husbands sometimes develop a nodding acquaintance with each other that often ripens into a fortnight's friendship.





For the Host and Hostess, the House Party provides a fine medium for keeping the frost off the rustic furniture and the grapevine arbor, giving the lawn a Dutch cut from the heels of the multitude, and scraping a little moss off the Old Folks' shoulder-blades.

*Invitations* Adequate warning should be given by the hostess to all whom she chooses to summon. This generally takes the form of a well-worded note, containing a time-table and an amateur photograph of Tim the Coachman. These show your friends what train they are to take and what they are to be confronted with when they arrive. Reference may also be made to whatever branches of the strenuous life you intend to inflict upon the helpless urbanite. Mention also the time limit for his visit, which will vary from three days to a fortnight, depending upon the staying qualities of both parties and the sartorial assets of the one bidden.

For your note of invitation, the following may be taken as a model:

Limburger Lodge, Cheeseboro, Me.,  
June 22, 190-

Dear Mr. Fattygue:

We are entertaining Sir Ezekiel and Lady Slop-over of Edinburgh for a few days and would be perfectly charmed, not to say completely bewitched,

if you would spend July 1 to 5 with us, to meet these extremely outlandish people. Effie Bridalwise and the Battenburg sisters, also the Jinglespur boys, have promised to come, so do give us a glimpse of your own sparkling personality to make up a mixed foursome for the bonnie laird and his braw leddy.

Our steam yacht, The Hang Over, and our double-barrelled bathhouse are both in commission, and the tennis court is looking for another racquet. Our string of saddle-horses and golf links also need exercise. Then we have several card parties in hand and a dance or two on foot, besides a prospective whirl at private theatricals.

So be sure and put into your hat-box a yachting uniform, bathing suit, tennis outfit, golf weapons, riding togs, evening clothes, hose and doublet, and a little grease paint.

James, the Groom, will meet you at the five o'clock train. You can't miss him, as he wears a smooth face and tan gloves.

In Sincerity Yours,

Eve L. Ide.

To this the following reply may be sent :

Hallroom Chambers, June 23, 190-

Dear Mrs. Ide :

Candor compels me to testify that I have absolutely nothing on, except a pair of tight shoes, to

prevent my accepting your quite irresistible summons to Limburger. I shall therefore be extremely tractable in taking the five o'clock flyer, apprehending the groom without the aid of a detective, and sampling your imported Scotch in the original package. Tell me, dear Mrs. Ide, have they the true burnt peat flavor and the cross-cut brogue?

And, by-the-bye, you neglected to specify whether I should come in kilts and tartan or appear fully clothed! I have just accepted a Life Insurance job, and am naturally fearful of any sort of exposure — even physical.

Very turbulently yours,  
Montague Fattygue.

*Welcoming  
Guests*

When the guest arrives, the hostess should be at the door to extend a warm handclasp and a hot toddy. The first gives him an instantaneous sense of welcome, and the second speedily introduces him into the whirl of events.

After further refreshing himself, the visitor may be shown to his room, while the hostess rings for ice-water and a maid — either of which makes a good chaser.

The hostess then withdraws



and the maid opens your bag, spills the collars, shirts and neckties over the counterpane, and discreetly departs, noiseless as a teething babe, serene as a kettle of frying fat.

*The Guest Chamber* The guest chamber is now open for inspection. With the naked eye can be located a bed, dressing-case, two chairs, and a table bearing a cake of soap, two towels, and the Family Bible. This brings cleanliness next to godliness.

The walls should be attractively hung with worsted mottoes, of the vintage of '63, or thereabouts. The untutored visitor from the city will be highly edified to know:

"What is Home without a Mortgage?" "Blessed are the Peacemakers, but the Man who Snores can never be one of them." "All the Winds of the Earth praise the Lord." "Sleep with the Window Open." "Fine Feathers do not make Fine Birds, but as a Bed they will hold you for a while."

*Entertainment* A full program of outdoor sports should be prepared and carried out each day during the period of entertainment. Insist that every guest shall take regular daily exercise in the open air. This will give the chambermaids a chance to get the beds made and permit the cook to fumigate the premises with corned beef and cabbage.

In the evenings, musical and literary diversion may be provided. With even a very few entertainers on hand, a most enjoyable impromptu program may be put on, giving each a chance to



work off his own "specialty" and contribute something to the evening's vaudeville. At a recent house party at the home of one of the nation's notables, the following method of killing Time, without seriously injuring the Performers, was adopted :

*A Sample  
Perform-  
ance*

**“Take Back Your Gold”**

Owed to Depositors by  
Abel M. Bezzler.

**“The Charge of the Light Brigade”**

Base Vile Duet by Stannard Hoyle and Gassie Addix.

**“Wild Animals I Have Missed”**

Fairy Tale by Theo Dore.

**“How to Make a Dollar from Forequarters”**

Recitative by Sir Loin Stake, one of the Beef Barons.

**“I Want Them Presents Back”**

Serenade to the Baldheaded Row, by Alice Rosenfelt Shortvalue.

**“All is not Gould that Glitters”**

Original Epigrams by Count Bon Ami de Castile.

## PICNICS

A Sunday-School picnic—like an umbrella—is a spread in the open. It is calculated to test the temper of the “diner-out” and the rectitude of the ketchup-bottle and the pepper-box.

*Its Respect-ability* Being conceived in the cloisters of the Church, there can be no question as to the propriety of the function, even though most of the Participants never saw a bill for pew rent.

At a picnic every one mingles, from the Brethren and Sisters down to the Salt and Sugar, the Butter and the Jam. With the youngster present, it also gives a fine opportunity to watch the development of Child Life and the Bucolic Appetite.

The picnic also teaches many useful things,—Fortitude, Altruism, Love of Nature, Respect for the Clergy, Democracy, Dishwashing, and Care of the Teeth.

*What it Teaches* To sit on the ground stricken with hunger, hilarity, and rheumatism—this teaches Fortitude.

To welcome with complacency the acquisitive zeal of the lean red ant and the fat green frog, giving a

portion to seven, and also to eight — this is where you learn Altruism.

To listen to the sigh of the pines and the clamor of the mosquito, to give ear to the chatter of squirrels and the glad gossip of the gad-fly, to hear the threnody of the tree-toad and the ballad of the woodpecker, to welcome the sweet sting of the bumblebee and the soft assault of the caterpillar — all these contribute to one's Love of Nature.

To lie prone, or supine, elbow-propped and finger-fed, taking in with your olives and cheese-straws the latitude and longitude of your neighbors, similarly disposed — this is pure Democracy in the flesh.

To watch Parson Pray, cassocked in a yard and a half of huck towelling, disposing of the offertory on a dripping drying-pan — this teaches us a new respect for The Cloth.

To observe Deacon White-lock's last surviving molar being cast ashore on the brink of one of Mrs. Newlywed's biscuits — this teaches something new in the Care of the Teth.

Some valuable information may be secured by a perusal of the following instructions for Picnickers, carefully prepared by an expert in *al fresco* etiquette, and secured at great expense for exclusive use in this work.





*Hints for Picnickers* The picnic luncheon calls for an Eton jacket. This looks especially well

under a coat of tan, fastened by a pair of eyes.



The peek-a-boo shirtwaist and drop-stitch stocking are to be avoided. The instincts of the ant, the caterpillar, and the field mouse are nomadic and explorative.

Elbow gloves, appliquéd with molasses, are very attractive at all outdoor functions. They are guaranteed to attract anything with a wing or a sting in it.

Palm-leaf fans are no longer carried by the fashionable. Instead, a Turkish towel and a pint of witch hazel are worn next the face, to prevent an outbreak of prickly heat or anything else rash or humorous.

If you fear the effect of the sun's rays, put a few maple leaves or a couple of \$50 bills in your hat. This does not apply to the married, for neither the leaves nor the money will give absolute immunity from sonstroke — or even twins.

If you picnic by the ocean, a lake, or a stream, ladies' bathing suits can be neatly packed away between a couple of butter-dishes or rolled up in the salt-cellar.

The man who does n't swim should carry a fish rod. He is thus in a better way to catch suckers than the women who want him to wipe dishes after the meal is over.

Do not forget to shampoo the spinach, spray the pig's knuckles, fumigate the garlic, cauterize the



crackers, and sterilize the Gorgonzola before leaving home. This will not only keep the affair in good odor, but is a thoughtful preventive against the spread of ptomaine poisoning among the black flies and mosquitoes.

Pay for all the eatables before you start. The drinks, like ginger ale and mineral water, are generally charged.

Carry along plenty of paper napkins. They should be worn around the neck, so that whatever you spill will not go to waist.

In the absence of a penknife, the sardines may be opened with prayer. Wet goods, when well shaken, will do their own opening. Dry goods should never be opened beyond the first button of the male waistcoat or the sixteenth pin of a lady's neck ribbon.

Women who are anxious to be comfortable will leave their stays at home. The Græco-Roman banquet pose at the *al fresco* function is incompatible with the "straight front."

## DEPARTMENT STORES

Special rules of procedure are required for raiding Department Stores and getting away with the loot without loss of life or personal injury. These are recognized by the leading Female Captains of Industry the world over. We offer a few for the use of novices and newly-wedded Providers.

*How to Scent A Bargain* For bargain hunters, the early hours of Monday usually yield the best result. After a little preliminary work among the decoys of the Sunday newspapers, the true sportswoman is up bright and early Monday, prepared to flush a covey of mark-downs in the hope of carrying home a good bag. The Ribbon and Remnant offering is



## 88 DEPARTMENT STORES

found "first floor front, main aisle, near the door." And it is the early bird who catches a firm grip on the goods.

The Doors being opened at eight, the curtain is immediately rung up for the regular Monday performance of the serio-comic melodrama, entitled "Woman against Woman" or "Hair by the Handful."

Behind the scenes stands the Saleslady, pale, perspiring, palpitating and perturbed.

Before her looms the foe, decked out in all the horrid panoply of war — hat-pins, stick-pins, elbows, tongues, teeth and nails.

Between the two is a gamut of miscellanies and unmentionables surmounted by the historic tablet, "98 cents, marked down from \$1."

The cast is as follows :

Minnie, the Saleslady, wholly tired, but non-puncturable ; Mrs. Moriarty, Queen of the Wash-tub, robust and belligerent ; Nettie Lofter, Vassar Exponent of the Strenuous Life ; Miss Scrawnibone, lightweight defender of the Right of Barter ; Ophelia Bumps, Amazonian Graduate of a Physical Culture class ; Black-Eyed Susan, Champion sand-bag slinger of the East Side Slums ; Mrs. O'Hara, Scrublady in Ordinary for the Courts of the Sky-scraper ; Zeke Dustin, who has gathered his pumpkins and is now working for his wife.

DEPARTMENT STORES 89

Chorus of Wives, Mothers, Sisters, and Sweethearts — none of whom “look the part.”

Fringe of Bystanders, including Floor Walkers, Cash Girls, Bundle Boys, and Elevator Motormen.

Not a Lady — or Policeman — in sight.



Act I. Time, 8 A.M.

“Take that!” shrieks Madam Scrawnibone at the door, deftly tripping and throwing Mrs. O’Hara, who spikes the floor with her steel-trussed sunbonnet.

“You dirty cat! Oi’ll hov yer fur fer that!” retorts Mrs. O’Hara, as she rises to the occasion and helps herself to a liberal portion of the Scrawnibone coiffure.

## 90 DEPARTMENT STORES

"Gimme-a-yard-n-half-purple!" booms the Queen of the Tub. She has reached the counter and is introducing a red Moriarty fist to the pale brow of Minnie the Anazmic.

"Wal, I swan!" murmurs Zeke, feeling of his chin to make sure no female has harvested his broom-corn.

### Act II. Time, 8.05 A.M.

Enter the Mad Ophelia, with bumps all oiled and in good running order, and wearing a percussion Cap and a coat of Male.

"Avaunt, ye mutts!"

Whereupon she helps herself to a half-Nelson on Miss Nettie Lofter and lands a giant swing and another coat of blacking on Black-Eyed Susan.

"Not yit!" screams the Chief of the O'Hara clan, as the Scrub Lady in Ordinary does a rapid, thumbnail sketch and inscribes a Jiu-Jitsu monogram on the cheek of the Amazon.

"Dew tell!" gurgles Zeke, reaching into his waistcoat to see if his watch and wallet are still present, or accounted for.

### Act III. Time, 8.30 A.M.

Minnie, the Saleslady, catches a solar-plexus from Black-Eyed Sue and is carried out on a stretcher.

In the confusion, Ophelia Bumps gathers in a jungle of rainbow silk and Mrs. Moriarty leaves by

## DEPARTMENT STORES 91

the nearest door with a few black looks and an armful of blue serge.

Nettie Loftor holes out on the Nile green and disappears by the same exit.

Miss Scrawnibone and Sister O'Hara, laying violent hands upon one small piece of pongee, agree to split the difference and have a ripping good time in appropriating a yard and a half apiece.

In tattered raiment, Zeke Dustin is violently propelled to the curb without. He can only warble "By chowder!" and wave in the ungentle zephyrs his only "swag" — a 22-inch corset:

"Tain't jest what Mirandy ordered, but I cal'ulate these 'ere will do, on a pinch!"

Act IV. Time, 8.40 A.M.

All Doors locked, placards in show windows, reading:

*Closed For The Day  
Taking Account of Stock*

*Rules* No rules are needed for a woman of average intelligence in patronizing a Department Store. For the men, however, it should be remembered:





## 92 DEPARTMENT STORES

That a bolt of cloth is never found in the hardware department; that you may be hung up in the picture section, and get tick in the bedding department; that if your wife sends you to buy a spread, don't try to get it in the café — you will find the kind she wants at the linen counter.

If you are sent to get Alice Blue, try the Toy Department. You may there make inquiries of her brother — Little Boy Blue.

When you want to learn the season's styles, patronize the drug department. After a few glasses of Peruna, you will know all about what goes with a short spring and an early fall.

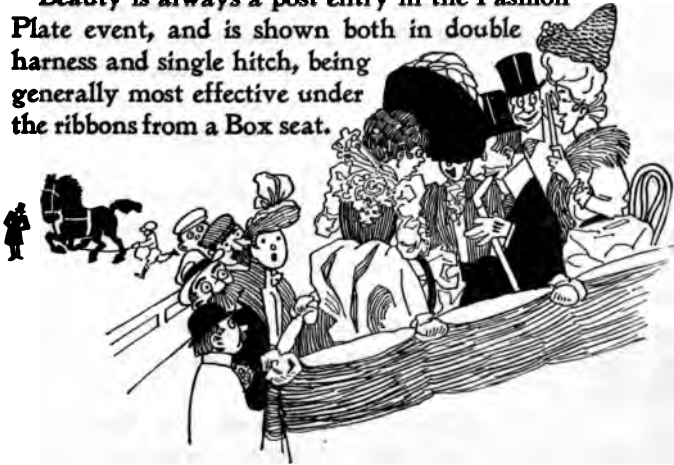
If you are taken with a sudden pain, rally round the bargain table. This beats Iodine or an old-fashioned mustard plaster as a counter-irritant.

## HORSE SHOWS

The annual fall opening at the establishment of Beauty and the Beast brings out a choice assortment of well-groomed specialties in fur boas and Swiss collars, displaying the season's changes in the hogged mane and the Marcelle wave.

*The Competition* The competition in both classes is based upon Action and Conformation, the judges being well-known experts from Tattersall's and the editorial offices of *Town Topics*.

Beauty is always a post entry in the Fashion Plate event, and is shown both in double harness and single hitch, being generally most effective under the ribbons from a Box seat.



The Beasts are merely incidental exhibitors, occupying the railed arena for a thrilling performance of the well-known tragedy, "Ill-Matched Pairs," or "Gaits Ajar."

*Music and Make-up* A brass band chortles from the balcony, and conversation gets the loud pedal in the Boxes. The combination is so deafening that it is often impossible to hear the tan bark or the fence rail.

Every Woman patronizes the Horse Show who has a plum-colored dado and a chinchilla frieze. Every Man is there who can boast a paddock coat and a horseshoe stick-pin.

The real etiquette of the Horse Show is best exemplified in the following clippings from the Social Columns of *Gown Topics*, which gleaned the valuable news matter herewith presented without the aid of back-door bribery or a suit for libel.

#### *Punctured Personalities*

Banker Isaac Goldbondz, who was expected to carry off a blue ribbon in the class for Draft animals, was a disappointment to his friends. He wore a diamond-studded harness, with prominent nose-piece, but seemed greatly worried by an Overdrawn Check.

Mrs. Termagant Shrew made her first public appearance since her husband's successful divorce

suit. She was attached to the speediest thing in runabouts, Col. Hi Roller, and looked much improved in her closed bridal. Her former spouse was also a prominent entry, and although he has discarded his hobbles, he still displays a badly pulled mane and a touch of the scratches.

The old war horse, Gen. Engagement, who lost a leg at Gettysburg, was noticed among the exhibits in the class for Gaited Animals. His specialty is the single-foot.

Miss Flitter, a season's débutante who frequently pours at Afternoon Teas, is a prominent exhibitor in the ring, where she is equally clever at handling the reins.

Young Brutus Hardslugger, the well-known football pugilist of Yale, slipped his traces and got away from the coach in the heavyweight team event on Thursday. Hardslugger stands seventeen hands, and is up to carrying 250 pounds, good knee and hock action, sound in wind and limb, and well broken to all city sights and sounds. Although somewhat troubled by interfering forward and be-



hind, he can do up the quarter in 30 seconds, the half in 58, and the full-back in about 60 seconds — when the going is good.

“Methuselah,” the aged work-horse of the street-cleaning department, made a clean sweep in the heavyweight class. He was shown to a broom.

Roodyard Rippling, the well-known English poet, has been a daily visitor to the stables. In an interview, the famous bard admitted that a poem may be expected shortly, as he has been seeking inspiration direct from the Mews.

For the benefit of visitors and exhibitors, the appended “Don’ts” are cheerfully furnished, as a confidential guide to “good form” at Horse Shows.

*“Don’ts”*

Don’t propose to a girl at a Horse Show. You are apt to get “neigh” for an answer.

Don’t take too many “smiles” in the buffet. They are largely responsible for the horse laugh in the boxes.

Do not fail to applaud the woman who rides. She is a person of good habits, who ’mounts to something.

Don’t call the man who rides badly “a farmer.” It is not always his fault that his crop is a failure.

If you are riding and your saddle becomes loosened,

don't ask the pad groom what the matter is. Get busy yourself. It's a cinch.

If your horse travels well on the snaffle, don't change it. It is disastrous to speculate on the Curb.

If you are just married, avoid sitting in the same box with your husband. The open bridal is no longer fashionable.

Don't leave all your jewelry at home. A couple of gig-lamps and a pair of blinders, Tiffany setting, are always appropriate at a Horse Show.



Stuff with humanity, baste with perspiration, and shake vigorously over a rough roadbed. Dress with a heavy suit for damages, rap well in a yellow newspaper, poking until tender with pointed cartoons, and roast thoroughly in a municipal ownership campaign. Add a little Motorman's juice and plenty of Conductor's sauce. Place on a steel rail and run over the Dumb Waiter in the street.

Serve hot in summer and cold in winter, on a five-cent ante, and invite the victim to "help himself to the Jam!"

Of this there is generally enough to be spread over the entire city and half the suburbs — if the Incorporators use good judgment in selecting their raw materials at the State Capitol.

*The* Street Car etiquette calls for a code of *Etiquette* manners peculiarly its own. Since one's patronage of a public conveyance brings the widest circle of critics, we venture to offer a few simple rules for Behavior in Street Cars, which, when faithfully followed, if they don't provide an assured "social position," will at least give you the most for your nickel.

*Getting* In signalling the motorman, no real lady *on Board* will smile. He may mistake your gesture for a coquettish attempt at flirtation and resent your advances from the curb. Motormen are often poor enough to be married and sufficiently

808076'



unfashionable to be in love with their wives. Even a reigning belle must be cautious in hailing a motorman.

When you wish the car to stop, fill your left hand with *demi-train*, grasp in your right your flimsy *mouchoir*, and beat the circumambient atmosphere with a right to left wigwag of distress. Avoid the up-and-down motion, as this savors too much of intimate acquaintance with brass-buttoned Adonis at the brake.

When the car comes to a full stop, lift yourself on board without looking around for a derrick or a strong-armed conductor. The latter will be too busy jingling his nickels and staring at your afternoon makeup to assist you to mount.

*How to Get a Seat* Once inside, if you find the seats all occupied, keep your eyes glued to the roof, but have your smelling-salts handy—some gentleman *might* offer you his seat.

If he does, faint courteously in his arms. It is time to “come to” when he stagewhispers into your ear that he “is glad to offer you a seat, but is just out of stretchers.”

When a Policeman takes



a car, he should snub the motorman, spurn the conductor, and either try for the record in the running-board jump or pull off a rear-end imitation of Charles the Wrestler in the catch-as-catch-can.

If he loses a leg, he will promptly sue the company for the cost of an artificial limb and the price of an automobile.

If he loses the car, he'll arrest the conductor for trying to pass a bad "copper" in the street.

If he loses neither, he will inflate his chest and secrete his small change when the fares are being rung up. It is a singular fact that no one has yet been discovered who can get a nickel out of a copper.

*How to Hold Your Place* To insure getting a seat in a crowded car, carry a pound of Limburger or a Bermuda-born breath, enter the car boldly, select your victim, and apply the fumigants just below the nasal passage.

One whiff of either the cheese or the onions will make a Chesterfield of the most conservative seat-holder, and provide immediate



accommodations for yourself and your bundles. Before you've gone four blocks, you will begin to feel lonesome, all the neighbors having moved out on account of the plumbing.

If you are a mere man, and have visions of retaining your seat, you will need a copy of the *Daily Carnage*, having a spread of forty-two inches from tip to tip and lots of red type. After locating yourself in the last remaining opening for young men, unfold to the limit, and rivet your eyes on the fine print.

"Can't read," you say?

No matter if you can't read. You can at least work up an artificial interest in the before-and-after caricatures in the patent medicine column that will carry you fairly through the downtown section.

Then you can shift to the Daily Puzzle and the halftone unlikeness of the New Mayor, allowing yourself sixteen guesses each on "What is it?"

This ought to speed the leaden hours until you are well into the residential district.

By the time you have picked your favorites from a bunch of "Record Breaking Race Horses" and a group of "Captivating Chorus Girls," you will probably have arrived at the humble cot called home, without having had to exchange your cosy lower berth for a ride on the cow-catcher.

*The Hangers-on* This brings us to another sort of Street Car patrons, there being two classes — the Regular Pewholder, described above, and the Hanger-on. Let us speak briefly of the latter.

For those who are moved to stand, the Company provides a catchy little garment called a Strap, having an openwork front and handmade insertion, faced with apprehension and a very little gimp, and finished off with a few flounces and a dropped stitch effect in the back. These are worn only by the Hanger-on.

They are temptingly arrayed in clothesline formation upon a long, wooden rail, placed just too low for the tall, thin "gent" and far too high for his short, fat "loidy."

To get into a Strap, bare the arm to the elbow and punt vigorously for the daylight between the sidelines. This insures free admission, as well as painless extraction. It also affords opportunity for the Pewholders to marvel at your bejewelled digits and your bleached forearm.

After donning the Strap, you may be considered fairly in the harness and prepared for the worst.

You may now calmly proceed to be successively bumped, jostled, crushed and jammed, pressed, pulled, poked, pushed and shoved, elbowed, joggled, tilted, twisted and turned, moved, mashed, squashed,

tickled and squeezed, assaulted, sandbagged, and robbed without the least possibility of your having any Redress other than that afforded by your own limited wardrobe when you get home.

On the whole, we would advise against your becoming a Hanger-on.

## GARDEN PARTIES

*Requisites* This *al fresco* function plays an open-air engagement only. Time, early afternoon to sunset. Requisites, vacant lot, lilac bush, and a spell of weather.

*The Weather* This weather matter is very important. There are many to please. There's the Anglo-Maniac, who dotes on "a bit of fog, y' know," and the Spartan spinster, who sleeps in a ten-below-zero bedroom, but would prefer a snowbank, and the sleeveless hussy without a hat, who is "simply crazy to get tanned," and the cold-bath crank, who flounders in ice-water before breakfast, and a few who are willing to worry along under a California sun, Italian skies, and zephyrs from Paradise.

It will be readily seen that no Garden Party can be truly popular without a Scotch mist, an early frost, a piping gale, a dead calm, an Indian summer, a sudden cloudburst, and a touch of the heat.

*The Original Garden Party* Garden parties have been numbered among the swagger functions ever since Mrs. Eve gave one on the Eden estate. This was quite exclusive, the only

## 106 GARDEN PARTIES

guest being a certain Mr. Adam, a neighbor, who had rib trouble.

The hostess on this occasion made a pronounced hit, until she reached the fruit course. In attempting to pass a stolen Pippin, she was caught in the act and both were permanently evicted. Though they



raised Cain about it afterwards, they never got back.

This was the first Coming Out party in history.  
*Who* Now-a-days everybody gives Garden Parties,  
*Gives* from the Sewing Syndicate of the St. Bernard  
*Them* parish to the Duke and Duchess of Sniffen-  
dale. It is really nothing more than an afternoon  
reception, conducted in all the attractive and redolent

## GARDEN PARTIES 107

environment of the blushing beet, the spreading cabbage, and the shady pie-plant. It incidentally affords opportunity to exhibit at one performance the Favorite Daughter and the Prize Pumpkin.

*What to Wear* Though the first Garden Party called only for fig-leaf aprons, doily size, the requirements have since been somewhat amplified. A chic costume for women now-a-days includes a few yards of lawn, garden hose, and egg-plant hat, trimmed with Malaga grapes, pineapples, and pickled walnuts.

A man wears flannel shirt, overalls, corncob pipe, and Pride of the Harvest hat, carries a whetstone, and displays a boutonniere of ripe onions and rolled oats.

*Entertainment* The hostess should provide an appropriate program, along the following lines :

*Readings* The Man With the Hoe, by Markum.  
The Rake's Progress, by Whoagarth.  
The Rhubarb I Ate, by O, Ma,  
Kumhome.

*Recitation* Fifty pages from the "Old Farmer's Almanac."  
Forty-four cantos from the Report of the Secretary of Agriculture.



*Music* "Turkey in the Straw."  
 "Coming Through the Rye."  
 "When Reuben Comes to Town."  
 "Bringing in the Sheaves."

*Refreshments* Buxom lassies should patrol their beats and deliver baled hay and cracked corn to the hungry. The "Old Oaken Bucket" ought to be hung in the well and fifteen gallons of oatmeal water drawn and quartered in pitchers.

Rustic seats should be temptingly displayed under the shade trees for the use of such contortionists as happen to be present. Normally built persons will prefer the comforts of a wheelbarrow or a barbed wire fence.



To identify the Host and Hostess, look for the Vine and Fig Tree, beneath which, according to tradition, the Lord and Lady of the Manor are always located.

## HOLIDAYS

*Celebrations* The chief prerogative of the patriotic American citizen is the ready recognition of the Holiday whenever it happens 'round.

With its perennial recurrence, the bold American is stricken with an acute attack of Celebration and a chronic case of Ignorance as to its Occasion.

In other words, he will cheerfully and pyrotechnically part with his right hand, his good looks, or the neighbor's cat in celebrating the Declaration of Independence, but, being asked to name a single autograph upon that memorable but mouldy manuscript, he's as noncommittal as a Standard Oil witness at a Trust Investigation.

He will gladly surrender his week's stipend in exchange for a cold-storage gobbler and the makings of a brandy-and-raisin relic of the Stone Age, persuade his family and other famished relatives to take on a cargo of poultry, a deckload of vegetables, and a rock ballast of plum pudding and mincepie, and then calmly contemplate the inevitable congestion of traffic in the Alimentary Canal.

But if asked to state the birthplace, life history, and purposes of Thanksgiving Day, something more

than a dose of smelling-salts or Life Insurance Cross-Examination is required to revive his moribund memory.

Wherefore it has come to be worse than idle amusement for the Inquiring Mind to seek to cork-screw from the Convivial Celebrator the origin and significance of any particular American holiday, or to scan the outward and visible Sign for any trace of the Thing Signified.

But the nature of each holiday has come to be such as to call for a particular code of conduct and a definite catalogue of approved "stunts," some of which are herewith presented.

*New Year's Day* The beginning of a new cycle of days is usually ushered in with midnight services of song and thanksgiving. It is optional with the worshipper whether he attend those being holden on the Low Church basis at the little edifice "around the Corner," or those conducted on the High License plan in the ample courts of Roisterers' Rathskeller.

When Aurora and the milkman at last heave in sight, it is well to abandon the Pew, or the Silver Bucket shop, for a few hours of communion with Morpheus, preparatory to "going the rounds" of the New Year's calling circuit.

At high noon, the Celebrator is again on the boards, in fresh makeup and a change of costume

and lines all learned for "The Assault of the Brown Stone Front," or "Scaling the Citadels of Society."

It is well before starting to provide against sudden chills with a fur-lined overcoat and a gold-lined purse. If you have n't the latter, an ironclad credit will do quite as well when you have to consult the vendor of spirits.

*The* In every well-regulated and up-to-  
*"Open Door"* date home you will encounter the very agreeable policy of the "open door." Near it stands the Butler, playing a stiff game, with nothing higher than a tray in his hand, but several cards up his sleeve.

Just beyond is the hostess, fortified by a garment of Worth against the spirit of heaviness and decanting the Oil of Joy from the depths of her heart and the lowest recesses of a cut-glass hemisphere.



The principal duties of the hostess are to sustain a genial freshet of high spirits and to prevent an ebb tide in the Flowing Bowl.

The well-bred guest will first add his own mellifluous "Wish you a Hap' New Year" to the general rumble of small talk and large libations, then advance bravely to the crystal tub for a bath and rub-down, remembering the words of the prophet, "When fizz meets phiz, then comes the tug of war."

*A "Tip"* It is considered courteous not to leave from Omar until the last dregs have been lured from the underpinning and all traces of moisture completely effaced. The guest may then make his adieus to his hostess. We suggest as a graceful and appropriate farewell the following translation from Omar, late grape-juice expert for the Kingdom of Persia:

"And that inverted Bowl, already shy  
Of Pommery, Madeira, and of Rye,  
Lift not your hands to *It*—for *It*  
As impotently moves as you or I,"

Calls should be continued along the line from early afternoon until sunset, or at least as long as the caller is equal to peritoneal distension and lingual lucidity.

When the Celebrator first begins to add a little thickening to his "Happ' N' Year," and fails to

distinguish between a glittering bonbon dish and a bright remark, it is time for him to invoke the ministrations of his Own People—or the Ambulance.

In those benighted States where New Year's Day is not a holiday, the only callers are a few Silent Resolutions—with *rigor mortis* already setting in—and a Bill Collector with rubber heels. The accompanying festivities can usually be enjoyed without danger of police interference.

*Washington's Birthday* The Birthday of the Father of His Country is never ignored, even by the Sons of Sunny Italy and other alien shores. On this day, flagstuffs, streets and buildings are everywhere treated to an extra portion of bunting, while hurdy-gurdies and pianolas are drained to the bitter dregs of "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

For people of quiet tastes, the celebration is limited to the wearing of a hatchet face and a bark like a cherry-tree.

*Other Holidays* At least three of the accepted holiday seasons in the United States are directly commemo-



rative of well-known saints, indicating the deeply religious trend of the American citizen.



St. Patrick's Day, for one, is a graceful recognition of the work of the canonized Irishman who rescued the natives from being snaked out of the Emerald Isle.

On the Fourth of July, Young America gives up the whole twenty-four hours to such caperings and cavortings as clearly indicate the perennial influence of St. Vitus.

Finally come the Dog Days, which are obviously a tribute to the worthy St. Bernard.

For celebrating St. Patrick's Day, wear a head of lettuce and a foot of shamrock.

On the Glorious Fourth, carry a brace of pistols, a pocketful of firecrackers, ten yards of antiseptic gauze, and the address of the nearest hospital.

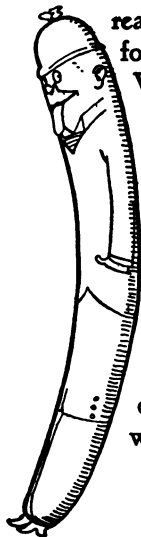
For properly observing the Dog Days, hang out the tongue, wear short pants, and try to look like a sausage. Only in this way will you be able to make both ends meet.

*Lent* Lent is a season given over to the promotion of piety and the poultry business. Strictly speaking, Lent is no holiday. Upon all good churchmen it imposes the burden of penitence and self-denial. During Lent, people are generally expected to give up something. This is easy for the aged and sickly, who readily give up the ghost. The society maid or matron frequently devotes her





energies to needlework for the poor, which often accounts for her conscience being pricked. For a really painless observation of Lent, mark off forty days on the spring calendar for a Rip Van Winkle snooze. It is easier to sleep than to suffer.



*Indian Summer* Indian Summer calls for a tomahawk, a war-whoop skirt, and braided back-hair adorned with a moth-eaten feather duster. This season is especially propitious for the fair Siren of Society, who may fearlessly add a few scalps to her sanguinary belt-buckle. It is considered very good form now-a-days during Indian Summer to utter a few well-chosen grunts and sing "Hiawatha."

## ART EXHIBITS

The modern Art Exhibit is a conspiracy organized and perpetrated by a long-haired Dauber with a Latin Quarter accent and a Connoisseur with a taste in gold frames.

*Like a Circus* An Art Exhibit, like the Circus, is entirely surrounded by canvas, and the most impossible performances are carefully skyed. Spectators, at either kind of show, may eat, drink, and make merry during the entire program.

At an Art Exhibit, the puzzles are attractively posted all over the walls, and the answers thereto plainly printed in a fat catalogue—to be had of the doorkeeper for a small fee.

Those unfortunates condemned to be hung are closely guarded by a platoon of incandescents and several double-barrelled skylights.

Society, stricken with lorgnettes and an appetite for tea, usually drops in about four P.M. for a session of hard looks and soft drinks.

*The Artist* In the foreground stands the party with the flowing coiffure and the necktie at large. This is an Artist.

It is proper to accost him with a polite inquiry

appertaining to his profession, such as "What medium do you use, Mr. Kromo?"

You are always safe in assuming that an artist uses some sort of medium, as he is generally in a trance.

If Mr. Kromo is a creator of "comics," he will



tell you — when he wakes up — that a "dry point" is most effective. If he is a specialist in "marines," he will inform you that water colors are the most realistic.

Never argue with the Artist. If Mr. Mackerel, of the Venetian school, pronounces a certain Velas-

quez to be "very rare," do not stir up strife by insisting that it is "well done." In other words, help yourself to the meat of the interview by cutting out the bone of Contention.

*Hints for Novices* Among some of the things to be remembered at Art Exhibits are these:

That wash drawings are displayed to best advantage on Mondays.

That city residents always appreciate a glimpse at Beardsley's "Purple Cow" — the kind that gives them the blue milk.

That Millet's "Angelus" is not a new kind of piano-player.

That a Sargent can occasionally paint something besides military spectacles, and that religious themes are not the sole product of an Abbey.

That Titian hair, a Gainsborough hat, and a Van Dyke beard are strictly *en vogue* at Art Exhibits.

That there is but one safe rule for identifying impressionistic creations. Gaze fixedly at the Daub for several minutes, and try to look intelligent. If it gives you a shock like an earthquake, it's a landscape; if you begin to feel seasick, it's a marine; if it begins to wither, it's probably a flower-study, and if it shows a slight slant and seems to be off the hooks, it is undoubtedly a portrait which you may pronounce "as natural as life."

## MOTURING

*An Art* Motoring is the art of committing highway robbery with a Horn, Four Wheels, and an Awful Smell.

Add a bomb-proof conscience and a passion for Celerity, and most any one can make way with nine-tenths of the thoroughfare and a respectable fraction of the population. It is not even necessary to know how to pronounce *garage* and *chauffeur*.

*Where Practised* Motoring is now practised in all parts of the world except Holland and Venice. In Holland, the natives still cling to the nimble canal boat. The Venetians have lately



introduced the naphtha launch — which certainly beats the Dutch.

An enterprising Chinaman has even established a *garage* in Shanghai — having apparently taken his *queue* from America.

*The Motorists* The Man who owns an Auto has no home or office address, but may always be found either in the seat next the steering-wheel or the accident ward of the nearest hospital.

*The Cars* The Motor Car has been happily christened the “Devil Wagon”; and it certainly does “go about like a roaring lion, seeking whom it may devour.”

It may also help some to know that the Automobile is an implement on wheels designed to raise the dust and the local death rate, fracture the good leg of the pedestrian, and paralyze the strong arm of the law.

It is usually manned by a Chauffeur dressed “fit to kill” and an Owner who is possessed of a check-book and a fine contempt for the City Ordinances.

In the rear seat may be discovered two or three resilient bundles of veiling, which, when unwrapped, answer to the name of Womankind.

A few brief rules for Autoists are herewith presented, without which no well-regulated *garage* is complete.

*Rules for Motorists*

Name your first machine for your wife. You will soon realize that you can control one about as poorly as you do the other.

When you first get a Car, don't be stingy. Give the neighbors at least a smell of it.

Take all the old Gossips and Busybodies out for a spin. They will be quite overjoyed at this unusual opportunity for running down their friends.

When your touring car bowls over some impudent fellow who dared to use the crosswalk, don't pause for explanations. Hurry on, so that others may be struck by your "perfectly stunning bonnet."

If you have put a dent in some venturesome cyclist who presumed to occupy two feet of road space, have him arrested immediately on a charge of pedalling without a license.

For an early morning run, swallow two raw eggs, "a drop o' spirits," and a quart of milk just before starting. Before you have ridden a mile in the *tonneau*, this will resolve itself into a sherry flip. At the end of the second mile, you will be beginning on a rum omelette and half a pound of butter. At the third mile-post, you will be just finishing breakfast on a cheese *fondue*. The *Tonneau* is a Clever Mixer and a Good Cook.

If your car is stolen, it will be quite unnecessary to employ a pack of bloodhounds to trace it. Noth-

ing keener than a New York policeman will be needed to follow the scent.

Before starting on a jaunt in the evening, it will be well enough to carry along bedding and breakfast. To this is usually added a case of Balk, furnished by the Motor in some remote and inaccessible spot.



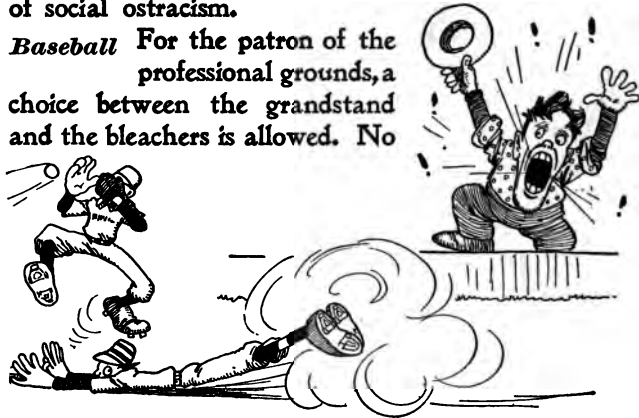


## SPORTS

Every sport has its own peculiar following, and its own code of conduct. The rules of behavior are not interchangeable. That is, the man who "fans" vociferously at baseball must be a sphinx on the putting green, while the one who must keep his mouth shut in diving through the surf may yell himself hoarse when carried away by the overwhelming excitement of croquet.

For the edification of the novice, we have laid down a few essential facts, with which he may essay any one of the following sports without risk of social ostracism.

*Baseball* For the patron of the professional grounds, a choice between the grandstand and the bleachers is allowed. No



especial kind of dress is required in the grandstand, as this is generally equipped with a powerful screen, guaranteeing protection against the foulest of foul tips, but not against the occasional conversational assaults hurled at the Umpire.

The "bleachers" — so called because the occupants all turn white when the home team loses — calls for a megaphone, a tin horn, a galvanized iron throat, and an asbestos suit, to protect against the fiery language of disgruntled players. Don also the open face, a Boston terrier accent, and an eight-day movement.

If you conscientiously try to apply all three at once, you may some day arrive at the dignity of a "Fan." A Fan, be it known, is an animal, which, when fed on the meat of victory, purrs contentedly, filling the air with the sweet croonings and buzzings of honeyed melodies, but when confronted with the bare bone of defeat, roars savagely, lashing its sun-baked hide in vain rage and great agony of soul.

For those who would play the game it should be known :

That in baseball the man who bravely strikes out for himself is apt to be released. That the one who would make a hit is the one who courageously flags the high balls and only helps himself to something straight from the pitcher, or accepts a wee drop on his waggin'-tongue. That a stolen base is more to

be desired than a life insurance presidency, and that even to steal the home plate is more honorable than robbing the Widow and Orphan.

It should also be remembered that the highest authority on diamonds is the Umpire, who favors a setting three-quarters base and one-quarter plate. Umpires are generally agreed that one real stone from the bleachers is rather to be chosen than any number of pastes from the players.

*Football* This interesting sport is now included in the curriculum of every up-to-date American college and university, and can be studied by any husky young student with a bull neck who can train down to 180 pounds. It is a four-year course, and leads to the degree of B. P.—Bachelor of Pugilism.

Football is played on a gridiron; that's how it came to be hauled over the coals by a few spectacled



dead-language experts from our leading faculties. As a result, it now gives promise of being reduced from a wild to a domesticated state, which will make it a popular

parlor game for the Sewing Circle or the King's Daughters, and a pleasant and gentle exercise for the Oldest Inhabitant and the new-born babe.

*Golf* In the whole catalogue of sport, Golf is the only game that really spreads itself. Like Chicago, it sprawls all over the landscape, taking in two or three townships and half the county.

A Scotch shepherd's staff and a stray pebble started the whole fuss, and now it's all Scotch, from the links to the liquids thereof.

Here are a few axioms of Golf:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you"—foozle and you golf alone.

Golf is a great game for druggists. It develops proficiency in "soaking the pill." Also for grocers—as the tee is full of sand and the greens are mostly grass.



Strong language directed against the Bunkers is always permissible. They are responsible for so many horrible lies.

Many a brave driver falls down on the green. The man who lacks endurance naturally can't hol' out.

Caddies are not used for holding the tee, in golf. They are employed to seek and to save that which is lost.

It is discouraging for the beginner to always find the Markers in the hole. But it is beautiful to see how the Greens stand by them through it all.

Golf balls and high balls — the Scotchman's Burden — how joyfully does the Yankee relieve him of both!

*Tennis* This glorious sport, once played by respectable, elderly gentlemen in their back yards, is now added to the strenuous ranks and boasts a rolled, clay court, a bunch of bronzed athletes in scanty clothing, and a fringe of parasols and petticoats, come to ogle and gurgle and gush and gossip at the annual "tournament" for a "championship."

No one can play tennis now-a-days without going into training, with a rigid diet and a regular rub-down every half hour. Unless you are willing to undergo the prescribed preparatory treatment, you'd better keep off the courts.

*Yachting* Most any one, on the other hand, may indulge in yachting, the sport of our lake-front and seaboard communities. The only requirements are duck clothing, enclosing a pair of sea legs and a tractable digestive mechanism, and a visored cap, trimmed with seaweed and pinned with an anchor.

Before venturing on a cruise, the landlubber should carefully memorize "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" and equip himself with a few stentorian throat tones. In case of thick weather, he can respond promptly when called upon to serve as a foghorn.

Heed carefully the following advice:

Wear thick-soled shoes. This will protect your feet in case you happen to step on the starboard tack.

If you wish to fish, ask the Skipper to loan you some of the yarns he has spun, drop a line to Davy Jones, and you'll probably catch something — a skate, for instance.

The delights of yachting, for the convivial, are enhanced greatly by the fact that one can stay "over the bay" with "three sheets in the wind" and remain "soaked" — in



brine — without contracting sickness or a night in the "cooler."

*Croquet* This dangerous and blood-curdling sport is practised in certain remote communities where the arm of the law is weak and vacillating and too timid to interfere.

Most of the participants are old maids with a waterfall headgear and the hoop-skirt habit of 1863, and a few callow summer boarders, whose only alternative is Battenburg or cross-stitch embroidery.

The requisites are a bumpy lawn, nine wobbly wickets, and a couple of Tom Thumb barber-poles. Each player maintains a frenzied clutch upon a wooden sledge hammer, and spends the mad, glad moments of play in cracking a bevy of overgrown darning-eggs all over the farm. The one who can first bowl over a barber pole, without tripping on a wicket, wins.

## CAMPING

The attempt of a white man to live like an Indian — popularly known as Camping — is common to all Americans, both male and female, who have a yearning for tall timbers and short rations, and can sleep on a brush heap and dine on smoked sole leather without doing violence to their æsthetic natures.

*A Popular Prescription* Camping — that splendid prescription for expanding the lungs and contracting an appetite — is now recommended by our most reputable physicians and joyfully taken by our most henpecked husbands. And it has gotten a “strangle holt” on our youngsters that is only exceeded by the Glorious Fourth — or an attack of the grippe.

Camping allows the convivial soul to fill up on ozone and ether by day and empty a keg, or a Jack-pot, by night. Should his stimulants run low, he may accumulate all the red-eye he needs from the lovely smudge of a smouldering campfire.

Your camper may wet his feet in a pellucid stream for eight consecutive hours and then steam his dewy toes by the feeble flicker of the campfire half the night without getting a touch of the rickets or developing a case of thrush.



He can angle all he wants to through the long, sunny hours and then come home to strike more angles than he cares for when he spreads himself over the hills and valleys of his nightly couch.

*Camp* He can hunt for game by daylight and for  
*Comforts* a soft spot in bed by night, with equally empty success. He may develop between meals a barbaric zest for food and then slay the barbarian who cooks it when the "sow belly" begins its grease-bath in the tin plate beneath his nose. He may wear a fishpole or a rifle, a camera or a shotgun, a uniform of khaki or canvas or corduroy, or anything else that's "fit to kill," and still the denizens of the wilderness and the jungle will manage to repeatedly escape his eager clutches, and continually spurn the tacit overtures of his sincere, but hardly simple, makeup. And then, to cap the climax, when he has spent two weeks and some hundreds of dollars in camp, he suddenly wakes up, to find that in lieu of the wilder variety, his guides have made game of him.

On the whole, therefore, camping should hardly be classified as a sport. It is an industry — not an infant industry, but a full-grown, adult industry, big enough to wear a beard and vote the straight, democratic ticket. It really deserves the attention of the Labor Unions. Those looking for a job at Camping should master the following facts:

*A* One of the chief requisites for camping *Camping* is a tent. A tent is a deceptive sort of *Code* institution, made up out of whole cloth and usually fitted with a few, fragrant upheavals of hemlock or spruce known as Bunks and eight or ten square yards of old Mother Earth. A tent is warranted to keep out the fresh air, but is always open for the entertainment of fieldmice, June bugs, mosquitoes, and black flies.

For the camper, a tent affords a fine chance to sleep with his boots on without soiling the counterpane. Lying beneath an August sun, it also serves handily as an oven, in which the camper may be gradually cooked, while the pine needles in the bunk will prick him regularly to find out when he's done.

When retiring for the night, carry a few boulders to bed. These will make a good, comfortable pillow, to match the pine branch mattresses and the evergreen sheet. In case you are cold, exchange the pine branches for boughs of fir.

*The* Upon rising in the morning you will  
*Al Fresco* find the washbowl and mirror in the  
*Bathroom* pond, some three hundred yards away.

After breaking through the underbrush to get to the bathroom, scrape some of the softer pebbles from the beach and scour your face and hands. The pebbles will almost perform the services of a razor.

Comb the hair with a sterilized pinecone and

brush the teeth with a deodorized cat-o'-nine tail or a handful of listerated fungus.

Wear the oldest and toughest looking clothing you own. When you arrive in camp, you will find everything of the rough-and-ready order, except the bunks—which are always spruce.

When fishing or hunting, keep the feet dry and the throat moist. Remember always that the man who exposes himself with nothing on his hip will generally get something on his chest to pay for it.

*How to Build a Fire* For building a campfire, select the greenest and wettest and juiciest sticks available, gather a few leaves and place carefully on

top, touching a match to the topmost leaf. Stand on the leeward side and let the smudge do its worst. When you begin to feel like a well-cured ham, and your peepers are well closed by the smoke, move around to the windward side and dig out the cinders. By this time the holocaust will be well under control, and you will not need to ring for the hook-and-ladder. Then get another box of matches and repeat the performance until exhausted. You may spend the rest of the night in coughing up smoke and attending to your lung troubles.

*How to Slay a Deer* Whenever you happen to disturb a deer asleep 'neath the shade of the sheltering pine, wake him by gently shaking his antlers. When he has yawned a couple of times,

risen to his feet, and thoroughly stretched himself, step ten paces to the rear, aim your 38-55 at the small bunch of muscle at the top and slightly behind the shoulder-blade, and pull the trigger. If you fail to hit him, or your gun refuses to work, prod the animal sharply on the haunches as a signal to move on. Then gather a few small stones, return to camp, and tell your friends the story of your adventure. Don't forget to display the stones. This will prove that your quarry escaped you. You are now quite experienced enough to write a book on "Wild Animals I have Boosted," with a fulsome dedication to T. Roosevelt.

*Other* Never hunt moose, mountain lions, griz-  
*Animals* zlies, or other dangerous beasts in woollen clothing. No matter how courageous the hunter may feel, flannels are bound to shrink, sooner or later.

For hunting the gypsy moth, stand beneath a dead tree and make a noise like a leaf. The moth, hearing the dinner call, will crawl swiftly into your presence, where you may either choke him with your naked fist or chloroform him in a large-sized pocket handkerchief.

To catch Welsh rabbits, seat yourself near a hole in the ground and imitate a chafing dish. The rabbit will bound joyously into view, when you may pot him at your leisure.

For calling a moose, the old-fashioned birchbark trumpet is almost obsolete. All up-to-date hunters now carry into the woods either a phonograph or a Pianola. Any able-bodied "critter" will readily respond to this "call of the wild."

When going on a hunting trip, always take along a bunch of hounds and a deck of playing cards. With one pack or the other, you ought to get game.

Never get nervous about noises at night. Half the time it's only the peeling of a tree, whose bark is worse than its bite.

## PROPOSALS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Any young man with an engraved calling-card and an unengraved career may propose to a girl.

It also helps some to be able to pronounce accurately one or more college yells and to display a business address.

The young woman will be warmly adulous of your vocal gymnastics, and the Old Folks will be glad to know you are working.

*An Uncertain Commodity* The engagement period is an uncertain commodity, varying in time from ten minutes to a quarter of a century. In any case, it is a nerve-trying and body-wrecking era that is well calculated to test the permanency of the Grand Passion and the textile durability of Evening Dress.

After being introduced to the Only One, allow at least five minutes time to learn the temperament of the lady and allow her to locate her handkerchief and fan. If she is going to refuse, she will need the 'kerchief to mop up the Sorrow shower. If she

## 138 PROPOSALS—ENGAGEMENTS

decides to accept, the fan will protect her maidenly blushes from stagefright.

The man should always take his cue, in proposing, from the temperament and disposition of the lady. If she is of a melancholy nature, he should broach the doleful subject with a funereal accent and a visage that suggests a wreck on the Sunny Jim line. Like Mark Antony, he may then indite:

*Popping the Question*      “Madam, I come not to praise you, but to bury you! If you will share my modest lot in the Marriage cemetery, order a shroud from Worth and I will have the invitations embalmed at once.”

If she be gay and lively, treat it all as a ripping good joke, handing her a gem from Puck or Judge, with a Weber & Fields accent, thus: “If Me is

ready, und you is too, shall ve be marry, P.D.Q.? Yes?”

When the In-amorata is painfully practical, and a good cook, you may say: “Jane, I have eaten of your bread, and still



## PROPOSALS—ENGAGEMENTS 139

live. Next to the kind that Mother makes, yours is the most tolerable *zwieback* I have encountered. Sign the marriage recipe, and look to me for all the yeast or whatever else may arise!”

*The Romantic Vernacular* The Romantic damsel should be stealthily approached with a few impassioned whisperings, rendered upon the heart-strings with a tremolo movement, and pitched in the key of B natural—or somewhere near it.

“Fair Maid—(or Widow)—my life was one vast Sahara until I espied you, the greenest oasis in the Sands of Society. I implore you, drop from your ruby petals a Date, the date of our espousal!”





## 140 PROPOSALS—ENGAGEMENTS

In case the Lady reciprocates, she may say so, orally, or merely spoil your shine by crunching your toes. Yielding to pressure, you may then help yourself to your first osculation.



In case she wishes to refuse, her remarks will be prefaced by a light shower on the linen wad in her hand, after which she may speak the following piece:

*The* "O African Desert! O waste of Sand!  
*Feminine* I deeply appreciate your sentiments.  
*Retort* Not since my Coming Out party has my verdure been so touchingly, so sympathetically, noted. But—I grieve that I can never become your wife. Yet, stay, O gentle Sand Bag! I will be a Sister to you!"

## PROPOSALS—ENGAGEMENTS 141

At this point, the forehanded Bachelor should produce half a dozen socks that need darning, and a few amputated coat buttons. This is the only successful test of the Sisterly system of Throw-Down.

When accepted, it is optional with the young man whether he perform a buck and wing on the tabourette, sing "Promise Me," or embrace the Girl.

If he decides on the latter, but is timid and bashful, we suggest the following course of action; viz., when the Lady replies affirmatively, immediately clasp her in your arms. The embarrassment, for true lovers, will be only momentary. If pressed for more, do not be stingy with your encores. Diligent practice will, in time, cure the worst case of diffidence.

*Wedding Worries* The next step is to secure a suitable bauble for the third finger of the lady's left. It should be remembered that no woman ever discards a heart without calling for a diamond. Besides, a satisfactory solitaire will generally make any female stone-blind to all your faults.

After deciding whether you will keep house, board, or attend house parties for life, and having set the wedding day for week after next, mailed your invitations, and engaged the florist, musicians,

## 142 PROPOSALS—ENGAGEMENTS

and minister, it is sometimes customary to ask the consent of the Bride's parents. Also, if you happen to have any spare invitations left, the Old People might like to know what they look like.

After that, spend the ten days of the Engagement trying to figure out how you can accumulate a respectable assortment of carpets, kitchenware, cozy corners, and Creditors.

## WEDDINGS

*A Protective Tariff Society* is Marriage.

The Protective Tariff of American Society is Marriage. It levies a high tax upon all Foreign Importations, encourages the Domestic Enterprise, and protects the Infant Industry.

*Preparatory Testings* In preparing for the Marriage Ordeal, it is customary for the Lovers to first run the gauntlet of Courtship and then pass through the purgatorial testings of the Engagement, finally gaining the hymeneal altar barely in time to rescue love from incineration in its own all-consuming crematory.

During the brief interval between the marriage and the divorce, properly called the honeymoon, life is set to a merry tune for at least two of the world's atoms, even though it be warbled in A flat to the discordant accompaniment of a Baby Grand and a Janitor Rampant.

*Church or Home* Of the wedding itself, there is choice of two kinds — known in the newspapers as the “fashionable church” and the “quiet home.”

The first, on account of ample floor space, is pre-

ferred by the bride who is blessed with a superfluity of friends and an unmanageable train.

The "quiet home" brand is chosen by brides who are susceptible to stagefright or those whose front parlor is big enough to allow them a round-trip in the tulle train without colliding with the mourners.

The "quiet home" effect is also sought by widows, — grass and weed, — who are willing to undergo another operation without being etherized.

*The Wedding Day* According to American custom, the bride fixes the wedding day while Dad fixes the dressmaker, stationer, florist, caterer,

and a bunch of fiddlers. The Groom generally has all he can do to properly fix the Minister and a white string tie.

*The Month* The flowery month of June is selected by most brides, as the prevailing heat gives them a high color and a low rate on roses.

Others prefer the mellow month of October, "when the frost is on the pumpkin," when the fodder



corn and the harvest moon are yellow and husky, when the Pippins are headed for the "crush" at the cider mill, and the Murphies are being received in the cellar.

Yet, after all, the gloomy Groom will find that any one of the other ten months is quite as available for having the life lines spliced and in heaving the cheerful, whistling buoy into the stormy waves of matrimony.

*The Hour* The most fashionable hour for the ceremony is "high noon." This generally insures the sobriety of the bridegroom, and on a warm day in June will secure united action from all hands present on the clergyman's "Wilt thou!"

From 3 to 5 P.M. is also a popular hour, bringing the function into the afternoon-tea class—where nobody "pours" but lachrymose Mother, who has more than enough to go 'round.



The evening ceremony always pleases the Matron, as it affords plenty of high lights for an expanse of necklace on a neckless expanse. It also permits the newly wedded pair to depart in their bill-posted chariot under the kindly cover of darkness—a not unimportant consideration in these days of the Frenzied Exposure.

*The Wedding Gown* For the wedding gown, tradition prescribes something white—either silk, satin, organdie, bleached cotton, pipe-clayed leather, or kalsomined asbestos.

The skirt is made calm and unruffled, with a gracefully sweeping and dusting train, the waist high-necked and with long sleeves, or considerably equipped with plenty of guimpe.

The Creation is then trimmed with some rare old laces—either shoe or corset—to which should be added a jungle of orange blossoms, or, if the blossom season is over, a yard and a half of orange marmalade will do, while the veil may be held in place by a spray of Orangeade.



*The Ta-ra-ra* The wealthy bride is also allowed to blush beneath her first ta-ra-ra on her Wedding Day, as this gem is not considered sufficiently safe,

sane, and conservative for the uses and behoofs of Girlhood.

A suitable ta-ra-ra may be easily worked up out of the half peck of solitaires which may have been knocking about for years on Mother's knuckles or Grandma's cast-off earrings. It should take the form of a bunch of stars, licensed to shine for a day in the hirsute canopy of the bride, and afterwards dispersed to help on the new necklace — or the household expenses.

*Old* There is an old adage that says the bride  
*and* must wear

*New*

“Something old and something new,  
Something borrowed and something blue.”

No really clever girl will have the slightest difficulty in carrying out the above instructions. When called upon to walk down the aisle, she will have the same Old smile, for which she has found a New inspiration, now standing at the rail, in a frock coat and a state of panic. She already has plenty of Borrowed advice from Mother, and with Daddy on her arm, she's got something that's Bluer 'n a whetstone.

The Bride also wears a “shower-bouquet” — for which the Groom is soaked.

If she can have but one or two new frocks, it would be better for her to be married in a travelling-dress — though, by some strange paradox of the



dressmaker, a travelling-dress can never take a train !

The veil is a matter of considerable headwork, and also shifty foot-mancœuvring. On going up the aisle, it is worn over the face, to prevent freckles and sunburn. On returning, it is thrown back, as the Open Faced Wife is now preferred by our best Families.


*Invitations* Wedding invitations should be issued at least two weeks in advance and sent to all available friends and acquaintances who are able to rally with a substantial response. This gives time enough to so adjust their finances as to be able to meet all the usual obligations in the hardware and crockery departments.

As an effective form of invitation, we submit the following :

Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Rishus  
request the pleasure of your  
Presents  
(even though you can't come)  
for the marriage of their daughter  
Mercy Nary  
to  
Mr. Welle Nye Broke  
on Monday afternoon, October the fifth,  
at four o'clock,  
at Saint Vitus Church,  
Wiggletwitch, N. J.







**OCKER**  
**OCT 25 1984**

